

TORES,
Clothes Stores,

to you that our
at Overcoats

Winter Suits, our
Haberdashery,
Correct Hats,

a call from you. We
at this fall. You CAN'T
HAY do worse.

Suits, \$12 to \$16.
down to \$5.00. All the
\$15.00 down to \$5.00,
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At \$10.00,

guaranteed

from \$5.00

The Bethel News.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 23.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1902.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

ARION YARNS

Have you made your Sweater yet? We have a full line of all kinds of Yarns suitable for Sweaters, Shawls, etc. The Scotch, in red, white, black, grey and blue, the best for Sweaters, 25 cents. Shetland Floss, in black, white and colors, 10 cents. Also all shades in Germantown, Spanish and Saxony.

GLOVES.

It's time for your fall Gloves now. Ladies' Golf Gloves, good weight, the kind that every one wears now, in white, blue, black and plaids, 50 cents. Children's Golf Gloves, just what the little folks ought to have these cold days, in white, striped reds and striped greys, 25 cents. Mocha Gloves for those who do not like the Golf, or want a more dressy glove, but still a warm one. They are a fine wearing glove, in grey, brown, and red \$1.00. Dressed Kid Gloves. One lot of a fine quality, warranted kid, pearl clasp, all shades, \$1.25.

THOMAS SMILEY,
Norway, Maine.

Eastern Telephone Connection.

OPENING OF NEW PICTURES

...AT...

MISS L. C. HALL'S

BOTH

Carbons and Platinotypes.

Call and see the Twenty-five
cent variety.

E. C. Vandekerckhoven

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Photographs

Special Discount for

Academy Students.

29 MAIN ST.

BETHEL, MAINE.

Wanted at Once.

WOMEN AND GIRLS

TO LEARN

Stitching in Shoe Factory

Board guaranteed while learning.

Apply to

MR. TARR, Supt. of

THE RADCLIFFE SHOE CO.,

NORWAY, ME.

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP
BY THE NEWS MAN.

J. P. Skillings was in Boston last week.
Mr. C. G. Mason of Norway was in town, Saturday.

All you can eat for 25c. at Garland chapel, Thursday evening.

Miss Evelyn Wilbur of Norway visited Miss Angie Chapman over Sunday.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. J. B. Chapman Thursday afternoon.

Miss Stillson of Palmyra is spending a few weeks with the Misses Hall.

O. F. Twitchell has gone to Baltimore, Maryland, where he will remain through the winter.

Mrs. J. G. Rich has moved her household goods into rooms in the Plaisted house on Chapman St.

Mr. T. J. Foster had the misfortune to sprain his ankle last Friday and is confined to the house.

Willie Holt of No. Waterford visited friends in Bethel, then went to Rumford Falls for a few days.

Casper Capen of Jefferson Highlands, N. H., who has been visiting in Bethel, is spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. L. A. Hall.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Eva B. Fox, Thursday afternoon. A full attendance is desired as there is important business to be transacted.

Will the party who took, accidentally or otherwise, an umbrella from one of the village churches on a recent Sunday evening, please return the same to the News office and be suitably reprimanded.

Mr. Ed Blake and wife of Berlin, after visiting relatives and friends at East Bethel, came to John Swan's Sunday night, and after calling on relatives here, started for their home Monday afternoon.

Ordell E. Bryant of Locke Mills, who met with a very painful shooting accident in this village a few weeks ago, has quite recovered, and was shaking hands with friends and school-fellows in town yesterday.

Mrs. Chester Munroe and son Billy of Everett, Mass., and her sister, Miss Winnifred Kendall of Malden, Mass., who have been spending several weeks with relatives in this vicinity, returned home Wednesday.

The Ladies' Club will hold another Cake Sale Thursday, Nov. 6, and not only cake but a variety of pastry will be found upon the tables. It is hoped the samples from the last sale may make our friends wish to come again when they may be assured of a full supply.

The Y. P. S. C. E. will give a Variety Supper, followed by a short entertainment, in Garland chapel, Thursday evening. Supper will be served at 6:30 p. m., and it is hoped that a goodly number will be present. Candies will be on sale during the evening. Supper and entertainment 25c. Entertainment, 10c.

It has been whispered gently to the News that one of our blacksmiths has had a recent fondness for hunting, shooting squirrels being his pet ambition. He counts his booty by ones, so far, but a remarkably accommodating one was he to stick fast at his post while the sportsman searched the village for the weapon with which to make his deadly shot—or rather shot upon the dead.

Miss Sadie Haselton caught a two-pound brown trout in Songo Pond one day last week, and the News is authorized, through the Secretary of the Bethel Fish & Game Association, to say, that, inasmuch as Miss Haselton was not aware of the close time on these fish, and furthermore, that her handsome catch has gladdened their hearts by assuring them that Songo holds such beauties, she is very gracefully forgiven. We add however, that others need not infer from this that they would receive the same graceful forgiveness.

Miss Lucy Fox is visiting friends in South Portland.

Fritz J. Tyler has recently been appointed deputy sheriff.

Mrs. W. F. Kendall visited in Mechanic Falls, last week.

Edmund Holt visited relatives in Massachusetts last week.

T. B. Kendall is building an addition to his residence on Bridge St.

Mrs. Emily Philbrook has been visiting in Massachusetts for the past week.

The first meeting of the Columbian Club will be held with Miss True Friday at 3 p. m.

Rev. C. N. Gleason attended the Congregational Conference at Mexico, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. G. R. Wiley and Mrs. F. L. Edwards are attending the Universalist Convention at So. Paris.

Barton Smith who is teaching in the Shaker village, Poland, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Mrs. O. M. Mason and Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Ames are attending the Universalist Convention at South Paris.

Mr. Waterhouse of Lewiston and his daughter, Mrs. Ada Rollins, were guests at Mr. T. J. Foster's, Sunday.

Mrs. May Dwyer who has been visiting relatives in town, returned to her home in Spencer, Mass., this morning.

Don't forget the supper in Garland chapel to-morrow evening. Come and bring your friends. Served at 6:30.

Harry Swan and wife of San Francisco, Cal., spent the day and evening, last Thursday, with J. N. Swan and family.

A. W. Grover attended the annual meeting of the Maine Association of Undertakers at Lewiston, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Clara Moore has returned to Bethel from St. Johnsbury, Vt., and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. O. F. Twitchell.

Miss Alice Walford of Halifax, N. S., who has spent the summer at O. F. Twitchell's, went to Portland, last Sunday, where she will visit friends.

Mrs. C. D. Manny and daughter Louise of Newcastle, N. B., are visiting Mrs. Manny's mother, Mrs. A. F. Copeland.

An informal meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held Tuesday afternoon, and next Tuesday afternoon the Union will meet to hear the report of the National Convention.

Mr. G. P. Bean who was injured a few weeks ago, has sufficiently recovered so as to be in his store a portion of the time. The dislocated shoulder proved to be not as serious as the injured side.

The members of Brown Relief Corps are requested to earn 10 cents each, before the next regular meeting which is to be held Nov. 6. The money contributed is to be used for the benefit of the Relief Corps Soldiers' Home at Newport, and to make the meeting more interesting, it is hoped that each one contributing will tell how the money given was earned.

GROVER HILL.

Miss Jennie Mayberry is ill of rheumatic fever at the home of H. R. Godwin.

P. Wheeler has taken a horse a few days on trial before purchasing.

Eli Stearns has two men packing apples at Freeland Bennett's.

Mrs. Mary Dwyer from Massachusetts is visiting at the home of her brother, Levi Bartlett.

Mrs. Wm. Tyler went to Bethel village Monday and visited at the residence of her son, Fritz J. Tyler.

Herbert Ring has purchased a new wagon in Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Herrick of Greenwood visited friends in town Saturday and Sunday.

Moses Grover is packing winter fruit for Eli F. Stearns.

Grover Bros. will not do much threshing this fall.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers, will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning six words to the line.

Owing to an increase of business of the Radcliffe Shoe Co., at Norway, Maine, a large number of experienced and inexperienced hands can have steady employment at good pay. The firm guarantees the board of new hands while learning. See ad in another column and write the company or call at their office.

New veils and veiling at L. M. Stearns, Main St.

C. A. Lucas announces that from now on, he will keep a nice line of beef and invites the patronage of his former customers. He also reminds all that those who secure their oysters, clams, cardies, grapes, nuts, etc., of him are sure to get the best.

BRYANT POND.

Miss Essie Bowker has gone to Boston to enter Burdett College. She will make her home with her brother Will who lives in Malden.

A bear has been seen at Brooks' crossing below the quarry.

Miss Nell Preble was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. D. D. Peverley, last Friday. Miss Preble began a term of school in Newry, Monday last.

George L. Stephens, Harry Day, and Fred Farnum returned from their camping out trip, last Saturday. George says, "All that Harry and Fred wanted to do was eat."

Arthur Cushman has finished work at Rumford Falls and is at home.

Miss Helen Cushman went to Rumford Falls, Sunday.

Miss Eva McAllister went to Berlin, recently.

Charles Hill is boarding at Robert Crockett's.

Dr. Will Elliott of Bartlett, N. H., visited his home in Rumford, last week. He was formerly a teacher in the village school.

Horace Cushman who works in Berlin, is home for a short vacation.

A crew of fourteen, including the "boss," are employed in the corn shop.

Mrs. Fred Stevens who has been visiting her father, brother and daughter at Athol, Mass., is home again, to the joy of her many friends.

Miss Mary Stevens who has been teaching in East Hiram, is home for a short vacation, then she will return for another term.

Fred Stevens has returned from Canada where he has been at work.

Rumor says that Mr. Fletcher has bought a house at Dixfield, and is soon to move there.

NORTH ALBANY.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Cole are visiting at F. H. Bennett's.

C. P. Pingree is on the sick list.

Mr. Sylvanus Bennett had an illness last week but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tyler's little girl who has been quite ill, is much improved.

Bert Brown is pressing hay in Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rowe and clerk visited at the Paris Mfg Co's camp, one day recently.

Mrs. Bert Brown and little girl took advantage of the excursion to Boston last week and visited at Newburyport, Mass.

Mr. Swain of Hanover is foreman for the Paris Mfg Company in the woods here. There are seventeen men in the crew.

Mrs. Philip Rolfe has just concluded a very successful term of school in this neighborhood.

Edwin Rolfe and Alice Mills visited his brothers at East Waterford, last week.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. Try never fail. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

FOOT-BALL.

Gould's met with a crushing defeat on the Hebron grounds last Saturday at the hands of the Hebron Academy team. Gould's was outclassed in every way except in grit and was never in the game at any point.

Hebron has a fast team, carefully coached, averaging twenty-three pounds to a man more than Gould's; her interference was as solid as a wall and it was almost impossible to break it up without long gains. Gould's held for downs but once and made a first down but twice during the game. For holding, Gould's was penalized twice and Hebron four times although there was not a play when two or more of Gould's players were not held contrary to rule.

Newman and Narten did some good punting, but every ball sent to the backfield of both teams was fumbled.

For Hebron every man played well, but Speake was the star of the team, while for Gould's, Hayford, Narten, and Stanley made the best showing. Brown outplayed Andrews at center and Stanley tossed Marshall around about as he chose, but the other Hebron players had too much beef to allow the men opposite them to make any showing.

A lesson or two on the ethics of foot-ball to Labby, the big Frenchman fullback on the Hebron team, would not come amiss if delivered by someone as large as he. The following is the lineup:

Gould's	Hebron.
Bean, r. e.	l. e., Gilman
Hayford, r. t.	l. t., Marshall
Thurston, r. g.	l. g., Newman
Brown, c.	c., Andrews
Philbrook, l. g.	r. g., Robinson
Saunders, l. t.	r. t., Schoppe
Manning, l. e.	r. e., Tone, Kilkelly
Twaddle, q. b.	q. b., Taylor (capt.)
Narten, r. h.	l. h., Speake, King
Dyer, l. h.	r. h., Shurtleff, Dwyer
Stanley, f. b. (capt.)	f. b., Labby

Score, Hebron, 40; Gould's, 0. Referee, Fred R. Dyer of Hebron. Umpire, Lafereire of Hebron. Linesmen, Fuller of Hebron and Purington of Gould's. Timekeepers, Rawley of Hebron and Harold Stanley. Time, 20 and 15 minute halves.

NORTH NEWRY.

The second annual masquerade ball, Oct. 16, at Kilgore's hall was attended by a large crowd of old and young from far and near. The grand march started at 9 o'clock sharp, led by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thurston, as a military officer and a Japanese lady. They were followed by more than fifty couples in costume, representing all nations. Among the most noticeable costumes were: Lonie Wight as a Chinaman, Lena Littlehale, black domino; Bernice Richardson and Maenette Littlehale, two little girls in blue. Miss Emily Chapman as Midnight, all in black, darkened the hall, while Mrs. Julia Hamblin of Rangeley lightened it with her stars. Harry Plaisted made quite a hit in his clown suit. Mrs. Etta Smith was a popcorn girl. The coon looked very striking in his long coat and tall hat; this was Irving Smith. Our nation's flag was waved by Mrs. Minnie Jodrey. Verna and Fannie Kilgore as two little princesses, looked very dainty all in white. Mr. Ralph Chapman represented his country with red, white and blue. Mrs. Ralph Kilgore as an Indian made a striking appearance. All enjoyed watching the eclipse of the moon from 11 until 2 o'clock. Fine music was furnished by the Bethel orchestra. An oyster and pastry supper was served in the banquet hall at intermission. A very enjoyable evening was passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Kilgore look forward to entertaining them all again in 1903.

"Do you suppose," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "that the Prodigal Son greeted his father loudly and joyfully?"

"I reckon not," said the bright boy. "His voice must 'a' be'n kinder husky."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. Try never fail. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

ALARM CLOCKS

That will wake you up. Good time keepers and warranted a year, from \$1.00 up. Kitchen, Parlor and Bedroom Clocks. Many styles and prices.

Edward King

BETHEL, MAINE.

PRICE IS ONE THING

And quality is another. Divided they are practically useless; combined they are an invincible team—together with truthfulness in advertising, they have lifted our fame as bargain givers head and shoulders above all others. You may depend upon it we are never undersold, neither do we put out risky quality. We shall continue for limited time the following seasonal bargains:—

White Iron Bedsteads, (all widths)	\$2.50
Solid Oak (5-Drawer) Chiffoniers,	5.00
Solid Oak Dressers, (with French Mirrors,)	7.50
Solid Oak Chamber Sets,	14.75
Extra Heavy Pillows (per pair)	1.00
Home-made Comforters,	1.00
Heavy All-Wool Carpets, per yd.	50
Reliable Tapestry Carpets, per yd.	60
Beautiful Velvet Carpets, per yd.	85

We base our hopes for continued success upon the broad principle that the advantages offered you to-day, will induce you to come to us to-morrow—that you will do your furniture buying where experience proves you are treated the best.

WE PAY FREIGHT.

CASH OR INSTALLMENTS

Bradford,

Conant &

Company,

199-203 Lisbon Street,

LEWISTON, . . . MAINE.

MILK

A. Van Den Kerckhoven

Wishes to announce that he will sell and deliver MILK at 4 cents per quart during the Summer months and 5 cents per quart during the Winter months. Drop a card to Box B, Bethel, and I will call.

A. Van Den Kerckhoven.

MEN, not under 25 years, to call on old customers. No delivering. Payment to the right party. Pay weekly.

GLEN BROTHERS, Rochester, N.Y.

Lost.

One Black Cape between Irving H. Wilson's and A. B. Grover's on Grover Hill, Monday, Sept. 29. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving the same at the store of G. P. Bean. MRS. I. H. WILSON.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office, Bethel, Me.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

J. B. TWADDELE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and Residence at
E. E. Holt's on Chapman Street.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office opposite P.O. } BETHEL.

F. E. LESLIE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ANDOVER, MAINE.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at
Wormell Stand, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Time Table in Effect Sept. 28, 1902.

TRAINS GOING EAST.
Island Pond, leave, 1.45 6.30 1.15
Gorham, 4.00 8.30 3.05
Gilead, 5.05 9.05 4.10
West Bethel, 5.35 9.35 4.40
BETHEL, arrive, 5.47 9.47 4.52
Lockes Mills, 4.45 8.56 3.50
Bryant Pond, 5.05 9.05 4.10
South Paris, 5.30 9.30 4.40
Lewiston, 6.40 10.30 5.30
Portland, arrive, 7.30 11.15 6.15
Boston, via rail, 10.15 4.10 9.00
Boston, via boat, 10.15 4.10 9.00

TRAINS GOING WEST.
Portland, leave, 8.15 1.30 7.00
Lewiston, 9.00 2.30 7.50
South Paris, 10.00 3.30 8.47
Bryant Pond, 10.25 4.10 9.18
Lockes Mills, 10.35 4.18 9.26
BETHEL, arrive, 10.46 4.32 9.37
West Bethel, 10.54 4.42 9.46
Gilead, 11.05 4.54 9.59
Gorham, 11.33 5.40 10.25

Island Pond, 1.30 7.50 1.00
Montreal, 6.50 7.20
Toronto, 6.50 7.20
Chicago, 6.50 7.20

The train leaving Bethel at 4.45 A. M.,
East and 9.37 P. M., West, run every
day; all others every day except Sunday.
Sunday paper train leaves Portland at
8.30 A. M., arriving at Bethel 11.12 A. M.,
and at Berlin 12.15 A. M. Returning
leave Berlin at 4.00 P. M.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO
NEW YORK.
From all stations, Norton Mills, Vt.
and East thereof.
Fares from Bethel to New York, N. Y.
via rail and steamer, \$7.35. Going
date Oct. 27. Return limit, Nov. 3,
1902.

S. F. BALL, Agent.

New Line
OF
Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes,
and Rubbers.
Shoe Dressings of all kinds.
Rubber and Leather Cement.
Sole Leather by the side.
Crocheted Slipper Soles.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

OUR
HAMMOCKS
Have arrived. As good an as-
sortment as you can find any-
where. Prices \$1.00 to \$5.00.
Better come in and look them
over while the stock is complete.
At the Pharmacy of

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

HERRICK BROTHERS,
MACHINISTS,
Bicycle Repairing,
Fine Machine Work
and Specialties,
W. BETHEL,
ME.

PHOEBE'S WAY, By EDGAR FAWCETT.

"No, Ralph," said Phoebe Lynde firmly, "I can't."
"You mean what you say? There isn't any doubt?"
"No, none, I can't be your wife."

Ralph tugged at his short brown beard. He was young, strong, handsome, with a face thought sunny and debonaire. But now a scowl clouded it.

"Well," he muttered, "all right. This is the last time, though, that I'll ever speak to you, Phoebe. You've got a heart of stone, just as Agnes Farrow always said. Good-by."

"Good-by," answered Phoebe; and her suitor flung himself out of the room, and presently out of the house as well.

That reference to Agnes Farrow stung. Phoebe had been looked upon by the townsfolk of late as a wealthy girl, a very marriageable young person. With both parents now dead, and a large old homestead quite hers, and not a little solid money besides, it would not have been thought at all strange if she had borne herself proudly. But to do so was not in her nature; and as regarded her former schoolmate and present friend, Agnes Farrow, this charge, if possible, was especially untrue.

Agnes, of all persons she knew, had least right to call her stony-hearted.

Ralph Halstead went his way that afternoon, and for days she heard nothing more concerning him. Then some gossiping acquaintance told her that his people were enraged against him and had sullen feelings toward herself as well. They had wanted her to accept him, and believed that, after treating him as civilly as she had done for months past, it was her duty to become his wife, and turn him, by her good influence, away from the wild courses into which his reckless habits were drifting him.

"Then, too," pursued the voluble informant, "they dread his going and getting engaged to Agnes Farrow. They don't like the girl's family; it's never been up very high, but now it's barely more than just genteel."

Phoebe made some evasive answer and then talked about old Abner Dwight's apple-orchard, saying how lovely it looked, now it was in full blossom. "I suppose you saw it," she said, as you came along the road."

The visitor bit her lips. Yes, she had seen it. Then, driven from the subject just now dearest to her shallow soul, she went on: "All the apple-orchards in the world, Phoebe Lynde, can't compare, to my thinking, with that splendid pinewood here at the back of your house."

Phoebe herself was very fond of this wood. She had often taken long walks in its colonnaded gloom, which sometimes was so thick that not a ray of sunlight could sift down upon its floor, russet and slippery with the fallen and faded needles of decades past. She knew every square inch of the deep, cool, cloistral expanse. At certain intervals there were little rustic seats, constructed long ago, between the stalwart tree trunks. Nowadays, when the weather had grown warmer, she would spend an hour or two at a time on one of these seats, with a book in her hand. Not seldom she would forget all about reading the book; she would seem to be thinking her own thoughts instead, with a strange, liquid glimmer in her brown eyes, and a passive look on her palish, clear-curved face, which some persons declared pretty and others deplorably cold.

Nearly everybody somehow insisted that Phoebe Lynde was cold. It was a custom that popular judgment attributed to, thus being time-honored, however fallacious. That many fine and wise and tender charities were dispensed by her, a lady, was denied by her. Still, there was the fixed fashion of calling her "cold." She never made the faintest rebellion against it. She simply went along in her placid way, doing good where she could find a chance of doing it, and giving ear neither to praise nor blame.

One day, during the next fortnight, she met Agnes Farrow, face to face, under the elms of the great main street which divided the town.

"Agnes," she said, pausing and holding out her hand, "I hear that you are engaged to marry Ralph Halstead. Will you not let me wish you happiness?"

Agnes's black eyes kindled, and her comely olive brows grew stormy. "No, Phoebe Lynde," she returned, "I won't take your hand. I am going to marry Ralph, and he'd have asked me long before he did if you hadn't flattered and fooled him, and then played him false in your cold-hearted way. Perhaps you're sorry now. Well, I'm not! I always knew that he cared for me a hundred times more than he ever cared for you. Only I wasn't a finished flirt like yourself, hard as flint!"

As Agnes whisked past her with fiery haste, Phoebe's cheeks colored a little, and her lips tightened.

"Cold-hearted," she whispered to herself, while moving onward, "and 'hard as flint.' I dare say a great many people believe that of me, though why they should, heaven knows. And why Agnes, my old friend, should so believe, seems strangest of all."

A year passed. The bitter New England winter once more yielded to spring's delicate sorceries of zephyr, bud and leaf. Ralph Halstead had married Agnes, and his kinsfolk had turned their backs on him. There had been some talk of a claim Ralph had made on his father for the sum of three thousand dollars, which he alleged that an uncle had left him during his boyhood. The claim was scoffed at by old Mr. Halstead, and Ralph (somewhat the worse for liquor) had threatened to have his rights.

Then another year passed. The stories ran that Ralph had taken the pledge and got some sort of work. His earnings were so slight, however, that no one could say just how he and Agnes managed to live. Their home was off in one of the poorest districts of the town. Then came a rumor that Ralph was drinking again, and that he had paid another visit at his father's house, while lamentably in his cups, and once more had demanded the three thousand dollars, or at least an installment of half of it. This time, it was stated, the elder Mr. Halstead had sent for the officers of the law and had had his son ejected from the house. And finally, after a few more weeks, it reached Phoebe that Ralph had "reformed" again, but that he had lost his former place, and that he and Agnes were now in great poverty.

Phoebe heard all this with her usual calm. One morning she packed an immense hamper with clothes she had lately bought, and put into it certain edibles as well, very practically and shrewdly selected. She sent it to Agnes in the most secret way she could devise, and with it she sent a note (short, but very frank and genial) which also contained another kind of note—the kind that banks issue, and one whose value was by no means light.

Agnes wrote her a long and passionate letter of thanks, begging her forgiveness and asking if she could not come to her in person and beg it with spoken words as well.

Phoebe at once wrote in reply: "Come, by all means. But do not let us speak at all of forgiveness; I have nothing to forgive."

Then she waited for the visit of Agnes, which was paid in a way she never dreamed of anticipating. She sat reading, one night in a room whose large, low windows opened on the piazza. Both those windows and the piazza itself had been modernized by Phoebe from their former prim and constrained proportions. The air outside was bland with latter May, and an unclouded heavenful of stars bathed lawns and tree-tops in their mild glimmers.

Suddenly Phoebe heard a sharp, tapping sound on one of the windows. She started, laid down her book, and rose, listening. The next instant she saw a white face beyond the uncurtained portion of one broad pane. She at once went forward then.

night, she met Agnes Farrow, face to face, under the elms of the great main street which divided the town.

"Agnes," she said, pausing and holding out her hand, "I hear that you are engaged to marry Ralph Halstead. Will you not let me wish you happiness?"

Agnes's black eyes kindled, and her comely olive brows grew stormy. "No, Phoebe Lynde," she returned, "I won't take your hand. I am going to marry Ralph, and he'd have asked me long before he did if you hadn't flattered and fooled him, and then played him false in your cold-hearted way. Perhaps you're sorry now. Well, I'm not! I always knew that he cared for me a hundred times more than he ever cared for you. Only I wasn't a finished flirt like yourself, hard as flint!"

As Agnes whisked past her with fiery haste, Phoebe's cheeks colored a little, and her lips tightened.

"Cold-hearted," she whispered to herself, while moving onward, "and 'hard as flint.' I dare say a great many people believe that of me, though why they should, heaven knows. And why Agnes, my old friend, should so believe, seems strangest of all."

A year passed. The bitter New England winter once more yielded to spring's delicate sorceries of zephyr, bud and leaf. Ralph Halstead had married Agnes, and his kinsfolk had turned their backs on him. There had been some talk of a claim Ralph had made on his father for the sum of three thousand dollars, which he alleged that an uncle had left him during his boyhood. The claim was scoffed at by old Mr. Halstead, and Ralph (somewhat the worse for liquor) had threatened to have his rights.

Then another year passed. The stories ran that Ralph had taken the pledge and got some sort of work. His earnings were so slight, however, that no one could say just how he and Agnes managed to live. Their home was off in one of the poorest districts of the town. Then came a rumor that Ralph was drinking again, and that he had paid another visit at his father's house, while lamentably in his cups, and once more had demanded the three thousand dollars, or at least an installment of half of it. This time, it was stated, the elder Mr. Halstead had sent for the officers of the law and had had his son ejected from the house. And finally, after a few more weeks, it reached Phoebe that Ralph had "reformed" again, but that he had lost his former place, and that he and Agnes were now in great poverty.

Phoebe heard all this with her usual calm. One morning she packed an immense hamper with clothes she had lately bought, and put into it certain edibles as well, very practically and shrewdly selected. She sent it to Agnes in the most secret way she could devise, and with it she sent a note (short, but very frank and genial) which also contained another kind of note—the kind that banks issue, and one whose value was by no means light.

Agnes wrote her a long and passionate letter of thanks, begging her forgiveness and asking if she could not come to her in person and beg it with spoken words as well.

Phoebe at once wrote in reply: "Come, by all means. But do not let us speak at all of forgiveness; I have nothing to forgive."

Then she waited for the visit of Agnes, which was paid in a way she never dreamed of anticipating. She sat reading, one night in a room whose large, low windows opened on the piazza. Both those windows and the piazza itself had been modernized by Phoebe from their former prim and constrained proportions. The air outside was bland with latter May, and an unclouded heavenful of stars bathed lawns and tree-tops in their mild glimmers.

Suddenly Phoebe heard a sharp, tapping sound on one of the windows. She started, laid down her book, and rose, listening. The next instant she saw a white face beyond the uncurtained portion of one broad pane. She at once went forward then.

"Agnes! How pale you are!" "Hush, Phoebe! Let's talk in whispers. Get me where this light doesn't glare on me so. Yes, this is better, off here in shadow beyond the fireplace. I'm so afraid they may have followed me."

"They? Who?" "The police. Oh, I know I look like some half-crazy tramp, Phoebe; but never mind that. Ralph took some of the money you sent us and spent it in drink. Then that mad idea came over him again about the three thousand dollars he accused his father of having kept back from him. Mr. Halstead, you know, claims that he spent some of it on Ralph's education with his son's own consent, and that the rest is covered by loans and not by gifts. Ralph has never had any real proof, and when sober he comprehends this and accepts the matter as it stands. But drink changes his whole nature, and to-night he broke in to the homestead, while the family were nearly all away somewhere on a visit. He tried to pry open a big chest upstairs, where he knew his father keeps certain bonds and money. A woman servant heard him and gave the alarm. Ralph got away, but while dashing out of doors he struck his arm against something and broke it. When he returned home he was almost fainting with the pain of it. But I wouldn't let him remain, Phoebe. And somehow—I can't tell just how or why—I thought of the big, dark pine wood behind your house. I made him promise he'd stay there. Then I went to his father's. The old gentleman had got home and his fury was terrible. He declared that the police should be set on Ralph's tracks till they caught him. I besought him on my knees to be merciful. It was no use. He said he'd borne enough from his son, and that this was the crowning wrong. Then, seeing there was no hope, I told him Ralph was lying wounded in our own house. Just as I said this the police arrived. I saw them look at me darkly as I sped away, I took the direction of home, but in a little while I changed my route and came back here. Ralph is yonder, and he's suffering horribly from his broken arm. Oh, Phoebe, if you only could and would help us!"

"Help you, Agnes?" "Don't you see, Phoebe? Don't you see?"

After a slight pause came the answer: "You mean hide him here in the homestead?"

"Yes, yes! It's the last place any one would think of looking for him or for me. No one has seen us three together for such an age. Oh, do decide quickly, Phoebe—do!" Here Agnes drew her breath.

Continued on Page 6.

KIDNEY DISEASE KILLS.

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Kidney diseases should be attended to at once, for almost 90 percent of our unexpected deaths of to-day are from that cause. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the only sure cure known for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. It is marvelous how it stops that pain in the back, relieves the necessity of urinating so often at night, drives away that scalding pain in passing water, corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer and shows its beneficial effects on the system in an incredibly short time.

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VOCAL.

In The Good Old Summer Time,
Fare Thee Well Molly Darling,
On the Shores of Old Savannah,
Nancy Brown,
Ring Down the Curtain, I Can't Sing To-Night,
The Troubles of Reuben and the Maid,
By-gone Days in Dixie,
Jennie,
On a Saturday Night,
Blooming Lize,
Bashful Betsy Brown,
Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home?
A Little Boy in Blue,
I'll be Baby in Baby's Place,
Down by the River's Side,
When Kate and I Was Coming Thro' the Rye,
I Hate to See the Rent Man Come Around,
Down in the Field of Golden Corn,
Home Ain't Nothing Like This,
If Time Was Money I'd Be a Millionaire,
On a Sunday Afternoon,
Taking a Trip up the Hudson,
Your Face Looks Familiar to Me,
Because I Know You Love Me,
Phoebe Southern Serenade,
In the Moonlight with the Girl You Love,
Mansion of Aching Hearts,
Mister Dooley,
Mary be Wary Waltz Song,
I'll be With You When the Roses Bloom Again,
Just Next Door,
I Wonder if It's Springtime Where I Long to Be,
The Maiden with the Dreamy Eyes,
Josephine My Jo,
When I Think of You,
When the Blue Sky Turns to Gold,
Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield,
With this Ring I Thee Wed,
The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn,
Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow,

INSTRUMENTAL.

In Good Humor Waltzes,
Bachelor Maids March-Two-Step,
The King's Fighting Man March-Two-Step,
Salute the Flag March,
A Social Chat, Musical Gossip,
Love's Pleading Waltzes,
Leading Lady Waltzes,
Knights of Pythias March-Two-Step,
Symphonic Waltzes,
The Jingle of the Tune March-Two-Step,
Rockhaven Waltzes,
Our Director March,
New Mown Hay Intermezzo,
The American Soldier March,
Dreamy Eyes March-Two-Step,
Dance of the Honey Bees Schottische,
The Spirit of the Forest Waltzes,
With Flying Colors March,
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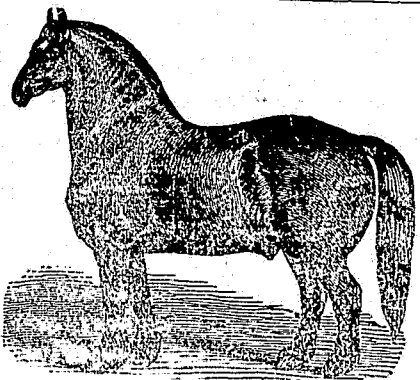
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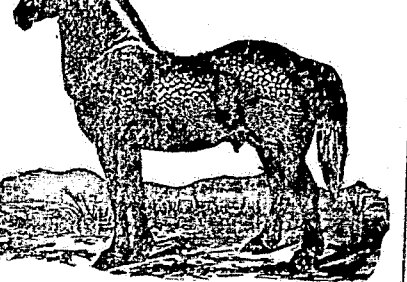
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PICTURE FRAMES. In all styles; also Mats, Mirrors and Mountings. Portraits in Crayon, Water Color, Sepia and Oil. Active Agents wanted. L. L. TUFTS, South Paris, Me.

THE HOME.

What We Might Have Been.

Have we not all, amid earth's petty strife

Some pure ideal of nobler life

That once seemed possible? Did we

not hear

The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,

And just within our reach? It was!

We lost it in this daily jar and fret,

And now live idle in a vague regret;

But still our place is kept, and it will

wait

Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.

No star is ever lost we once have seen;

We always may be what we might have

been!

Since good, the only thought, has life

and breath—

God's life—can always be redeemed

from death,

And evil, in its nature, is decay,

And any hour can blot it all away;

The hopes that lost in some far distance

seem

May be the truer life—and this the

dream.

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Family Pride.

Having been particularly interested in the subject of genealogical research, and wishing to represent my brave ancestors in the "Daughters of the American Revolution," and to find out who they were who had fought so bravely to give us freedom, and also to instill into the hearts of the children in our family a love of patriotism, I was accused more than once of family vanity. It was with great delight that I heard Mr. George Vincent say in a lecture recently that "family pride" was not family vanity, and that there was not a family so poor or obscure but that somewhere in the past there had been a patriot or an ancestor of whom they could be proud. He spoke of how children love to hear of heroes and heroines, and how up to a certain age their fathers and mothers were their ideals; and happy were the parents who could keep them feeling so. Let the story of grandfather's bravery be told oftener around the fireside.

Let the parents talk about the family history. Let them keep as souvenirs some things that their fathers and mothers commenced housekeeping with, and thus have something that is suggestive to inculcate this spirit in their children. Do we not all remember the old what-nots and center-tables in the old homes? How sacred their contents! An old sea-shell brought from some trip many years ago, before you were born. You had always seen it there in the same place—had put it to your ear when a child to catch the far-off sound and rhythm of the sea. There was the seaweed from Cuba; you often heard the history of that trip to Cuba, but it was always new. The old ambrosia—your father's father and mother. How sweet and quaint they looked, taken side by side! All such things should be held in reverence to foster the love and pride of family.

Don't sneer at genealogical research, but rather pity those who say they care nothing for or about their dead ancestors or relatives. "Way back yonder" when these same persons are living in luxury because of the early struggles made by those same ancestors. There has been a spirit with many people to treat with levity the "pride of family." We should honor Washington's Farewell Address to the American people, because, as he says, his address appeals to the young and the old—to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty, to develop an enlightened public opinion, and to afford to young and old such advantages as should develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of an American citizen. If these traits are developed, all the other nobler attributes of nature will follow—the love of family and domestic happiness.

There is a way to be proud without being vain of one's family. We never see a hero vain or puffed up about himself. Ah no! If he was not brave and gentle he would not be a hero. There was never a time when our country needed mothers and wives who for patriotism's sake were willing to learn something of their brave ancestors. And when we organized our John Marshall Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Kentucky, the question was asked

by many ladies: "What is your object? Is it merely a social function to fritter away time? If so, we haven't time for it. We are earnest workers with a purpose in life." But it was in this chapter that I learned the true purport of "family pride." We found some of our ancestors and patriots buried without a headstone to designate their burial-places—one who had risen to distinction from private to colonel. Why was this? Because the children had been left orphans and reared by relatives who never discussed family history. They had heard no fireside talk of brave battles fought and won, of soldiers who had fallen in their country's honor; and these patriots had been laid away in a family country-graveyard which had passed into other hands years ago.

But by hunting up our family records, with a desire to rank high in the escutcheon of our country's honor, we searched until we found them. I speak feelingly, for my mother was left an orphan at ten years of age, and her grandfather had served in the Revolutionary War, and went out with the brave Minute Men at Patrick Henry's call in Culpeper County, Virginia, and rose from private to Colonel; but there was no one to tell her about him, and for years he lay in obscurity in a lonely country-graveyard. But many of us determined to do honor to such ancestors, and with the family pride still within us, we had them moved to our pretty cemeteries, and with national songs and music and children strewing flowers, we made fete days in their honor, erected markers telling of their brave gallant death in battle. Without family pride the best acts and bravest deeds will smolder in oblivion; no one will care to emulate their virtues, and the reverence that is so beautiful a trait will become extinct.—Ledger Monthly.

Man and Woman.

Man is a creature of cast-iron methods; woman adapts herself to circumstances.

A man refuses to drive a nail unless he has a hammer. A woman does not hesitate to use a poker, or the heel of her shoe, or the back of a brush. Man thinks it absolutely necessary to have a corkscrew to draw a cork. Woman will gouge it out with her scissors, or a knife or button-hook. If it won't come out it will go down, and, after all, the contents of the bottle is what is wanted.

A man regards a razor as consecrated to one calling. A woman has a higher opinion of its versatility, and uses it to sharpen pencils. This office, surreptitiously performed, leads her husband to say malignant things about razors and their makers.

When a man writes, he demands pomp and circumstance, and as wide an orbit as one of the planets. Pen, ink, and paper must be "just so," and he shuts up the whole family in a Tower of Silence, and nobody is allowed to think hard.

When a woman writes she gathers up nondescript paper, stray copy-book leaves, backs of old envelopes, sharpens the pencil with the scissors, and placing her material on an old atlas, tucks one foot under her, rocks comfortably back and forth, sucks her pencil periodically, and produces literature. She is oblivious to Tommy distractedly adding and subtracting in a higher key; to Mollie beating French verbs into her brain by a succession of audible thumps and much vibrant buzzing; to Sallie running the scales; to the cook, who demands supplies, every few moments.

She makes her lovers woo, and quarrel, and marry, and the villain kill each other, in the most circumscribed space.

A man demands illimitable space and annexed territory for the like deeds. He fumes and frets if the blotting-paper is not at hand. She "blows" the ink dry, or waves the paper in mid air, and takes the chances for blots. He says things about ink which are enough to pale and curdle it. She jabs her pen in, and about, and around, and at last gets a "flow," whereas, the things he has been known to affirm concerning pens this pen refuses to record.—New York Bazar.

"I hate to give these clothes away," remarked Jason, as he opened the mildewed chest, "but it is a case of must."



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells of her cure by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

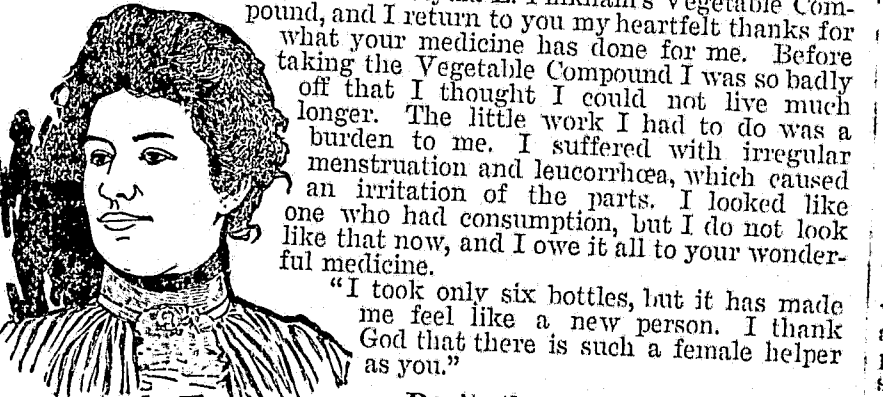
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

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When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. W. H. Pelham, Jr., 108 E. Baker St., Richmond, Va., says: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must say that I do not believe there is any female medicine to compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I return to you my heartfelt thanks for what your medicine has done for me. Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was so badly off that I thought I could not live much longer. The little work I had to do was a burden to me. I suffered with irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea, which caused an irritation of the parts. I looked like one who had consumption, but I do not look like that now, and I owe it all to your wonderful medicine."



Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE COW AND THE MILK.

When Milk Is Thin, Feed Right Away From the Silo.

Milk may be too rich in fat often for delicate stomachs, just as skim-milk may be too rich in protein to please the taste that has been grossened by using whole milk. This trouble is to be remedied not by skimming the milk and thus destroying the equilibrium of solids, but by simply adding water to the whole milk. This operation is fully understood by those dairymen who furnish milk to the cities where the average stomach cannot stand the pure milk.

There are cows that will do the part of dilution to almost any desired extent—even to the undesired extent of making their milk so poor that the long suffering city consumer rejects it. Against this kind of cows there are many of us who claim that producing water through the cow is too expensive for dairy economy, and moreover their milk never knew anything but poverty, while the watered rich milk preserves its distinctive character of having seen better days. I saw one of these accommodating cows sold at a public sale last week. She was a perfect animal, a picture. She was in the hands of a dealer and to be sold for the high dollar. The dealer explained that she was from pedigreed stock, but that the Babcock test had recently been adopted at the creamery patronized by her former owner and this cow had to go. She is now operating for a creamery where the milk is not bought by test.

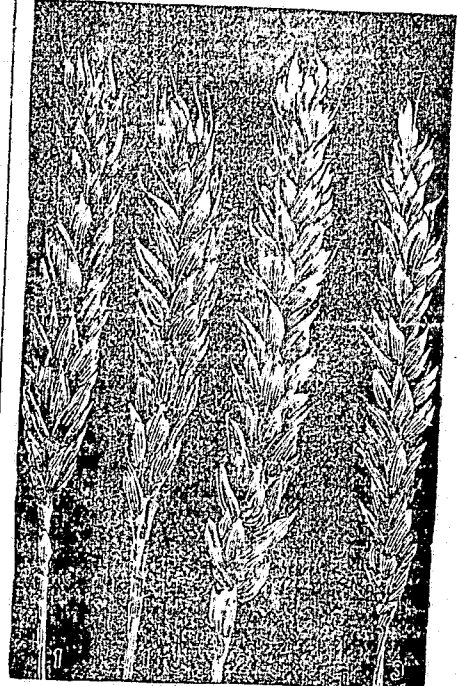
Begin feeding right away from the silo, unless the pasture is very rich and abundant and the cows are in heavy flesh. If there is any later corn being saved for silage, cut it and put in silo. It is worth more as silage than it is as corn, and if you don't believe me ask the cows. It is poor business feeding to allow the cows to go underfed or get poor this fall to save the silage for next winter. Play for what's on the board. The needs of the cows are present needs—better meet them now than try to recover the loss later. The world may come to an end toward spring and silage will be no use then, but not till then.—W. F. McSparran in National Stockman.

FARM GARDEN

VARIETIES OF WHEAT.

Best Yields at the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station.

Wheat varieties being of interest at present, some experience of the Kentucky agricultural experiment station is here presented. The wheats illustrated were among thirty-seven varieties planted Oct. 14 for the season of 1900-01. The fourteen best yields for two years have been Fultz, Harvest King, Prudy, Lancaster Red, Beech-



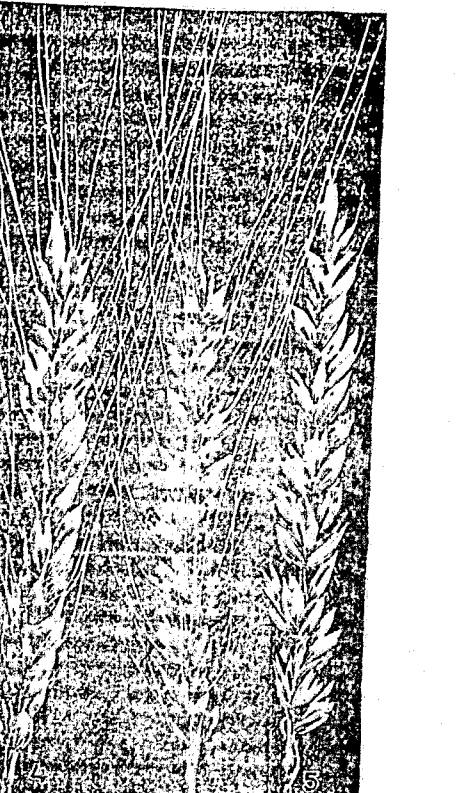
1, CLAWSON LONGBERRY; 2, CANADIAN HYBRID; 3, IMPROVED RICE.

wood Hybrid, Indiana Swamp, Dawson's Golden Chaff, Jersey Fultz, Extra Early Oakley, Pearl Prolific, Lancaster, Turkish, Kansas Mortgage Lifter and Hungarian. There are among these eight smooth varieties, and they average for the two years 39.2 bushels, and seven bearded varieties which average for the two years only 36.0 bushels. The farmers of the section of the state around Lexington prefer a smooth wheat to a bearded one, as it is very hard to get hands to harvest the bearded varieties.

Clawson Longberry is beardless, seeds large, soft and white, but a trifle darker than some other white wheats; stem yellow; average number of seeds from a spike, 49; average weight of seeds from one spike, 2.3 grams. Canadian Hybrid is beardless, seeds of medium size, plump, red, moderately hard; spike compact, stem pale yellow; average number of seeds from a spike, 64; average weight, 2.1 grams; of good appearance, but with the stem rather slight.

The Hungarian wheat produced a very rank growth; average height, about 63 inches, though occasional plants reached a height of 58 inches; strongly bearded; seed large, very dark in color and very hard; number of seeds from a spike, 36.5; average weight of seeds from a spike, 1.55 grams.

Poole wheat is beardless or bearded; seeds small, soft and red; spike



4, THEISS, OR HUNGARIAN; 5, FOOTING. slender, tapering, the spikelets well separated; stem yellow, slight; average number of seeds from a spike, 37.5; average weight of seeds from a spike, 0.925 gram. The straw was very weak, and much of it was thrown down before it was cut; average height when mature, about 50 inches, though often reaching a height of 54 inches. Red stem rust. It is a very early wheat and was cut June 22.

Utilizing the Underflow.

According to statistics published by the Denver chamber of commerce, Colorado advanced during the decade 1880 to 1890 to the front rank of irrigated states, surpassing California in the extent of land under irrigation, but remaining second in the number of irrigators and in the value of irrigated crops.

Water is held in the layers of sand and gravel which have been deposited at various depths beneath the surface of the plains. Investigations indicate that this supply is large and that considerable areas of valuable land located at too great an elevation to be irrigated by gravity diversion of water will ultimately be reclaimed by utilizing the underflow.

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WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1902.

A medical war is being homeopathically waged against kissing. But they yet spark in the same old way. The doctor doesn't count osculatory pathology.

While they are sewing up hearts in the doctors' offices, will someone please invent a surgical operation for the hearts broken in Cupid's list of love? There is the rub of life after all!

It is natural for some people to growl, no matter how things go. They will grumble at the rose because there are thorns on the stem. They will pull against the river instead of following the tide.

An accidental fire at Guildhall which occurred when the king lunched there, led to the report that there was an attempt made to take his life. There is something besides a divinity that hedges about the life of a king.

Zerard Pomeroy, a Connecticut bridegroom 59 years old, is enjoying his twelfth honeymoon trip. The woman who makes up his round dozen of wives is only 22 years old, and it is to be hoped she'll last him the rest of his natural life.

President Roosevelt quietly celebrated the 44th anniversary of his birth, Monday. He was at work in his office early. Many messages of congratulation were received and numerous remembrances arrived during the day. A committee representing the Hungarian Club of New York, of which the president is an honorary member, in connection with their custom for several years, called to congratulate him upon his anniversary. Several members of the Cabinet also called to extend their congratulations.

Coal Arbitrators.

Of the six men who are arbitrating the issues of the great coal strike at least three are typical new century Americans and earnest vigorous lovers of the strenuous life. All are men who have done things successfully, who are still doing things and who may be depended upon to have ideas of their own as well as the courage of their convictions.

Some of them know what it means to earn a living with their hands. Some of them don't. Most of them are just the kind of men one would expect the president to select for such a task, men of the Roosevelt stamp. Collectively they make a body to be respected. Individually they are most interesting.

These are the men who have before them the task of adjusting the differences of a contest between capital and labor which for more than five months caused us a lot of domestic perplexity and almost disorganized the business of the nation: Judge Geo. Gray of Delaware, a member of the Paris Peace Commission to draft the treaty with Spain; Bishop John L. Spalding of Kentucky; Gen. John M. Wilson of the District of Columbia, who began to earn his own living at the age of twelve, became chief of engineers in 1897 which position he held until he resigned in 1901. E. E. Clark who is well known in Washington; Thomas H. Watkins who is often likened to President Roosevelt; Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of labor, since the organization of the bureau in 1885; Edw. W. Parker of New York, editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal.

"Little jabs and pushes,
Little drops of gore,
Bring to our attention
The foot ball game once more."

Bad luck is frequently due to bad habits.

Work is the best cure for the blues and an empty pocketbook.

If you expect to reach heaven you must climb the ladder of good deeds.

Parents, don't neglect your children until they get old enough to neglect you.

Be courteous while you are young if you expect to be cherished when you are old.

The drop from \$9 to \$7 a ton for bituminous in the coal markets is a good beginning. Let the good work go on.

Kind words, kind looks, kind acts and gentle hand-shakes are the best weapons to use in the unseen battles of life.

When a young man tells a girl that she is as pretty as a picture, she never at once thinks he might mean Abraham Lincoln's picture.

A Denver priest has invented a flying machine; also a fire escape. Now someone is wanted who can work an effective combination of the two.

STATE NEWS.

It is reported that three inches of snow fell at Jay, Oct. 24.

A stamp club and a gun club are the latest organization at Bowdoin college.

The game record will probably be broken this year. Deer and moose were never more numerous.

David Young of West Paris, 89 years old, is cutting, splitting and putting in his wood for the winter. Bravo, Mr. Young.

Ten-year-old Mary Abbott was fatally shot by a 14-year-old boy at Estabrook, Wednesday. The shooting was accidental.

Guy Grindle who is charged with murderous assault on Mrs. Joseph C. Littlefield at Penobscot, will be examined as to his sanity.

The body of Martin Stanton, the lumberman murdered near Patten, has been taken to Bangor. Sheriff Ireland has no information to give out.

Every year the fish hatcheries of Maine raise from 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 trout and landlocked salmon fry, which are planted in the waters of the State.

The present high price of coal reminds a Damariscotta citizen that the first coal sold in that town was sold by W. W. Keene during the Civil War, and that it cost \$16 a ton at that time.

There is some talk of organizing a foot-ball team on Indian island, near Oldtown. There is said to be lots of good "Injun" material heavy and fast, and with coaching, a good team could be developed.

Ernest J. Washburn, formerly of Hartford, Conn., has been sent to jail at Bangor for stealing his own children. The latter were taken from their mother at Hartford, Aug. 12, and brought to Bangor by the father.

A. S. Littlefield of Rockland, is attorney for the family of the late Warren Jackson of Cambridge, Mass., whose death by the accidental drinking of aconite occurred in the store of James L. Burns at Washington a month ago. Attorney L. M. Staples represents the interests of Mr. Burns. It is understood that Mr. Burns has offered to pay quite a large sum to the family but no agreement has as yet been reached.

Hard Wood Chamber Sets

THREE PIECES.

\$14.89 TO \$26.00

We will, upon request, send you our new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of Home Furnishings.

"WHY NOT WRITE US?"

New England Home Furnishing Co.,
No. 92 Cross St., Portland, Me.

A "potato dinner" was the novel feast recently spread before her guests by a Biddeford hostess. The ground nut was worked up in forms many and delicious, soups, salads, croquettes, et cetera, and much enthusiasm is said to have resulted.

It now appears that the operation undergone by Commander Peary at Philadelphia was not as severe as was at first supposed. The amputation was confined to two of the frostbitten toes and the officer is progressing so well that he expects to be able to return to duty in two or three weeks.

Philip Ash is under arrest at Rumford Falls charged with bigamy. It is alleged that Ash was married in Fall River 21 years ago, and has a wife and two children there. Mrs. Ash of Rumford Falls is a daughter of John Kerr and much respected. The couple have had two children. Ash is held in \$500 bonds.

Josiah H. Drummond, a widely known lawyer and one of the most prominent Masons in the world dropped dead on Congress street, Portland, at 1:35 o'clock, Saturday p. m. Mr. Drummond began his law practice in Waterville but in 1860 transferred his practice to Portland where he has since resided. He was a noble looking man, better still, an able, a genial and companionable man.

In a field on a farm at Phillips is a granite rock which is considered one of the wonders of Maine. In a recent issue of Maine Woods the following measurements of the rock were given: Perpendicular height at highest point, 30 feet; distance around the rock, 225 feet. What makes the rock so much of a wonder is not only its size but the fact that it stands there alone, no other rock of that nature being near it. It must have been deposited on the spot by some mighty force of nature.

What has sprung up rather suddenly and promises to be quite a thriving enterprise before Christmas is the coon cat industry. In the larger cities, it is said, that there will be a regular fad for them. Recently C. L. Wakefield of Augusta has received an order for 500 coon kittens from one of the largest department stores in New York city for delivery just before Christmas. Mr. Wakefield has only recently gone into the business to any extent and an order of this size was way beyond his anticipation. However, he expects to fill it.

MARRIED.

In Bethel, Oct. 24, by A. W. Grover, Esq., Michael Kennagh and Gladys M. Fieteler, both of Bethel.



Early Birds

Thirty years experience proves the best way to get hens over moulted early and bring pullets to early maturity, making them lay by November, is to get the highest prices for their eggs, is to feed them

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

Not a food. It makes all the food more nourishing and acts as a stimulant to the egg producing organs. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send you a sample. Write to us for it. Price, 50c. per box. Large 2-lb. can, \$1.25. Six cans, \$6.00. Express prepaid. "How to Feed for Eggs" and sample best poultry paper free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Germany now has 140 socialist publications, of which fifty-two are dailies.

The English census returns show that but one woman in every six remains unmarried.

Dr. Hillis thinks that "Culture cannot save men. If there is typhoid fever in the well, you cannot save the family by painting the pump in harmonious colors."

Canada has become quite a cotton manufacturing country, and few persons realize that 550,000 cotton spindles are running. Three of the mills are located in Hamilton.

The commission appointed to reapportion Oklahoma has announced the total population of the territory to be 600,000, with one representative for every 22,000 people and one senator for every 45,000.

Nearly 400 recipients of coronation war honors were invested by King Edward at Buckingham palace last week with usual ceremonies. All the great officers of state were present and the scene was particularly brilliant.

A chicken hatched in Guelph street, Wandsworth, London, recently, and which died soon afterward had two beaks, three eyes, five claws on the left foot and four on the right and three sets of brains.—No wonder he died.

Using a new automatic machine pistol Wm. C. Turner, former president and treasurer of the Climax Bottling Co., of New York, last Friday, shot and killed W. J. Mallard, secretary and treasurer of the company, and Robert Hamilton, its president, and then killed himself with the same powerful weapon.

Judge Bland of the St. Louis court of appeals has decided that workmen must be paid in cash. He assessed a fine of \$100 against an employer for paying an employee in checks payable in goods at a store instead of lawful money. The judge declared that a laborer could not if he so desired waive the benefits of the statute or contract them away.

The largest coil of wire rope ever made in Brooklyn was turned out by a rope company of that city recently. It measured 17,700 feet in length, or over three miles, without a break and weighed 22,080 pounds. It is for use in a bituminous coal mine, was made of forty-two strands of crucible cast steel, took sixteen days to manufacture and was valued at \$2,300.

Marshall O. Waggoner, for 60 years a prominent attorney of Toledo, Ohio, and whose conversion from a widely known materialistic infidel to an equally aggressive Christian upon the death of his wife, was accompanied by the public burning of his extensive library, died at Emergency hospital, Detroit, Mich., Friday night. He had been in a senile decline for several years.

Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, who came to this country to perform an operation on the child of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, for hip dislocation, treated a number of poor children in Chicago free of charge, and now announces that for a limited period he will treat other similar cases brought to him in the cities of St. Louis, San Francisco and New York. Here is a case where the great wealth of a man has given not only to his own child the benefit of the skill of the most distinguished expert in this disease in the world, but also to numerous other children whose parents were so poor that they could not pay for treatment even by ordinary surgeons. Thus does wealth sometimes unintentionally contribute to the welfare of the poor.

Worms?

Many children are troubled with worms, and troubled for something else. A few doses of True's Worm Elixir will expel them, and prove valuable for all cases of worms. See at drugists. Dr. J. E. True & Co., Auburn, Me.

New Hats, Feathers, Laces and Ribbons.

Golf Gloves, 25 and 50 cents. Ping-Pong Collars, Sofa Pillow Tops, Embroidery Silks and Silkateen for Fancy Work. Chate-lain Bags, Belts and Belting, Silkateen in a variety of patterns, All sizes in Ladies', Misses' and Boys' Fleece Hose, Knit and Crocheted Shawls. These are a few of the many goods we carry.

L. M. STEARNS, Main St., Bethel.

A Pointer.

If the approaching winter attempts to follow the example set by what we have been obliged to call summer,

FUR COATS

will be sought after as never before. I have by far the finest line, not only of Fur Coats, but also of Fur Robes and Horse Blankets that I have ever offered the public. Give me a call and be convinced that I am right.

E. H. YOUNG, Bethel, Me.

800 Bushels FANCY

Michigan White Wheat

ALSO

Flour, Grain and Feed,
Wholesale and Retail at
BISBEE'S MILL,
Main Street, Bethel.

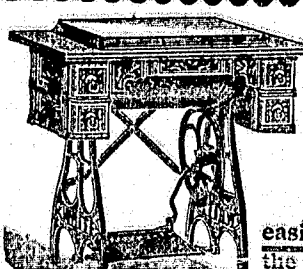
This Time We will Only Mention

Our \$4.00 Shoes for men, they are made of enamel leather and we warrant them not to break. We have them in three styles and all sizes and widths. Call and see them.

....Smiley Shoe Store,....

Norway Maine.

E. N. Swett, Manager and Salesman. F. W. Faunce, Salesman.
Eastern Telephone Store, 112-3. E. N. Swett's Residence, 112-12.



A NEW DEPARTURE

A Radical Change in Marketing Methods as Applied to Sewing Machines. An original plan under which you can obtain easier terms and better value in the purchase of the world famous "White" Sewing Machine than ever before offered.

Write for our elegant H-T catalogue and detailed particulars. How we can save you money in the purchase of a high-grade sewing machine and the easy terms of payment we can offer, either direct from factory or through our regular authorized agents. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to pass. You know the "White," you know its manufacturers. Therefore, a detailed description of the machine and its construction is unnecessary. If you have an old machine to exchange we can offer most liberal terms. Write to-day. Address in full.

WRITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, (Dep't A.) Cleveland, Ohio.

WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Near Neighbors.

Good-by changeable October! Percy O'Brien has had the roof of his house reshingled.

Nahum M. Scribner of Albany was in this village last week.

The mill of Merrill, Springer & Co. is not running this week, and we miss the early morning whistle.

Miss Julia A. Gilcrease, formerly of this place, has been visiting her old friends and schoolmates here during the past week.

The echoing reports of rifles and guns is not proof that any game is being killed.

Claude Mills of Portland spent Sunday at his old home here.

Dexter Mills was in Berlin, Sunday.

Many winter apples remaining on the trees were frozen and spoiled on the night of Oct. 17.

E. P. Philbrook is working for A. S. Bean, repairing the house which Mr. Bean recently purchased, and now occupies.

The double tenement house opposite the postoffice has been painted the color of golden autumn leaves.

How many readers of the News will be found ready to assist in the publishing of a volume of poems entitled "The Poets of Oxford County?" A work of this kind is needed.

Funeral services were held at the church last Tuesday over the remains of Mrs. Noah York nee Sadie Bennett who died in Ridgelyville Sunday. Rev. Mr. Pickett officiated. Interment took place in the Bennett lot in the Flat cemetery. She was about 35 years of age and left a husband, a son two weeks old, and one brother, Mr. Geo. Bennett.

ALBANY—VALLEY ROAD.

John Sanborn of Exeter, N. H., is buying fur for the Boston market.

W. R. Rice has been hauling wood for Mel Coburn.

Mrs. Nancy Andrews and Mrs. Bell McNally were at G. E. Grover's Friday.

Mr. Chase is moving on to the Upton place which he lately purchased of Henry Rugg.

George E. Grover has sold his farm, part of his farming tools and blacksmith tools to Harry G. McNally.

Mrs. Louise Rand and Mrs. Chas. McAllister visited Mrs. A. E. K. Grover, also Mrs. Newton Moore and son.

G. B. Mills passed through the Valley on his way from the carding mill.

O. H. Saunders is helping Steve Libby at his cider mill.

Mattie Moore has gone to Exeter, N. H., to work in a shoe shop with her sister, Ansina Moore.

Mrs. Landray has gone to Salem, Mass., for the winter. She intends to return in the spring to her daughter's, Mrs. Will McNally.

G. E. Grover attended Probate Court held in South Paris, the 21st. He secured the annulment of the adoption of Benjamin Grover, thus freeing him entirely from the boy.

Everybody wants cord-wood cut. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. French are housekeeping in their new house over on the farm.

GRAFTON.

W. E. Pratt attended the Grange meeting at Errol, Saturday evening.

L. M. Blanchard of Newry has been in town the past few days.

Sewell W. Pratt was in Hanover last week.

Mrs. C. T. Parker recently visited her sister, Mrs. S. P. Davis of Hanover.

Two of Mrs. B. F. Spearin's brothers are visiting at her home here.

Mrs. Floyd Searle and daughter who have been visiting at A. F. Brooks', have gone to their home in Andover.

Mr. Mac Martin and three other men from Colebrook, N. H., are pressing hay in this town. The thrashing-machine owned by E. B. Thurston of Errol, but under the management of Fred Bailey, is also in town.

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry. Ask today for Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It cures Chills, Swelling, Sores, Aching, Damp Feet. At all druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cts.

Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists. Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

NEWRY CORNER.

Snow-flakes saluted us on Tuesday morning, Oct. 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Harlowe were called to Lewiston Saturday, by the death of their cousin, Miss Gertrude Lane.

Mrs. Congdon is seriously ill, confined to her bed.

Bert Harlowe, Harry Bryant, and Warner Cole were each successful in shooting a deer last week.

Acid and sweet came to us on Wednesday, when a man appeared at our door with maple sugar bricks in the left hand and cranberries in the left.

Mrs. Nathaniel Trask started on Monday for California where she intends to remain during the winter, visiting her son, Frank Trask, of Los Angeles and her daughter, Mrs. Erwin Phillips, of Ontario.

Misses Ethel and Grace Hastings returned on Monday from their Boston trip, having had a very pleasant time.

Mrs. St. John Hastings and Miss Fannie Hastings called here on Sunday.

Isaiah twenty-eighth chapter and twentieth verse was the text used by our pastor, Rev. W. H. Congdon for his Sabbath service. We listened with pleasure, and with unusual interest, this being the ninth sermon we had heard based upon that passage of Scripture.

ANDOVER.

H. R. Dexter has contracted to put in 10,000,000 of logs near Bemis. Almost all the loggers have left for the woods.

Very few deer have been taken thus far in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ripley have moved to Ridgelyville.

H. V. Poor and family have returned to their home in Brookline, Mass., while here he has had a fine barn erected and made roads through his beautiful woods.

Rev. Mr. Waterworth delivered his farewell sermon Sunday, Oct. 19, giving also his reasons for resigning.

Mrs. Minnie Clark of Providence, R. I., came to Andover, last week, to care for her mother, Mrs. Ann Mitchell, who is in failing health.

Miss Annie Gregg has returned from her vacation.

Mrs. Wm. Cushman and daughter have returned from Norway.

Miss Florence Thomas went to Boston on the excursion last week.

Henry Porter has taken a logging contract near Rangeley.

Lincoln Dresser is in Portland for a few days.

A. Tucker, Owen Lovejoy, Malcolm Gregg, Merrill Hewey, and R. Grover are on a hunting trip.

The members of the Universalist church met as their vestry Tuesday evening to elect officers, and make plans for the dedication of the church.

The discount on taxes in this town will close Oct. 31. You would do well to see the collector, B. L. Akers before that time.

E. S. Morrill, the general representative of the Bethel News was in town last week, and received many subscriptions for the paper.

Notice.

Warning is hereby given to all persons found of gunning that the piece of woods immediately between my lower orchard and Kilborn's pond forms a part of my private grounds and is constantly visited by members of my family. Shooting is, therefore, strictly forbidden since lives would be endangered.

J. G. GEHRING.

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

The October term of court ended Friday.

Mrs. James Crooker and son Harold spent last Sunday at Mr. J. J. Murphy's.

The grounds for the new Universalist church was started last Monday.

Mr. Len Sessions has gone to Boston to work on the elevated road.

The annual Convention of Universalists will be held here Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mr. Charles M. Cole of Boston was in town a few days last week.

Mr. Chester Record of Portland spent a few days here last week.

Another minstrel show under the auspices of the Good Cheer Society, will be given about Thanksgiving.

At the foot-ball game Saturday, the score was, Paris 0, Hebron 22.

The packers have decided to pay 25 per cent. more on sweet corn next year and a larger amount than ever will be planted.

A syndicate of Boston men has been looking over the road-bed of the old Oxford Central electric railway. The road will go to Harrison connecting with the narrow gauge steam road there and connecting with the Grand Trunk at Norway. An electric power plant will be placed on Crooked River. The same company, it is claimed are interested in a line from Norway to Lewiston, which with the Harrison line will make one of the longest electric roads in Maine.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

"Since life is brief, we need to make it bright.

Then keep the old king's motto well in sight,

And let its meaning permeate each day whatever comes, 'This, too, shall pass away.'

Gilbert B. Mills has been working for J. A. Brown on his aqueduct.

Webster Walker has gone to Rumford to work.

Jack Chapman has been having quite a sick time with a bad cold.

Fred Howard has moved into the house near the "big willow," on the farm purchased by him last spring.

Irving Wilson and family recently drove to Norway, and stayed a few days.

Fred Chapman went to Sumner and moved Fred Kilgore's household goods to this place last week.

The jolly voice of John Lewis—peddler-of Waterford, woke the echoes here, the 25th.

Mrs. Henry Perkins has returned from a three weeks' visit with her sister in Portland.

"Billy" Kendall has been doing the mason work on J. A. Brown's house.

Mrs. J. A. Brown has arrived, and is staying with her son while waiting for the new house to be completed.

The Stearns Bros. are pressing hay; they have a new press.

Hunters are plenty, but game is scarce in this vicinity.

Harry Conrad of Milan, N. H., was at Seth Mason's one day last week.

Louis Roderick of Berlin, N. H., was here recently, looking at some houses; he did not purchase any.

HANOVER.

Miss Etta M. Howe who is sick with diphtheria, is reported to be gaining.

Will Thomas is home from the Lakes.

Mr. Jesse Russell who has been in poor health, for the past two years, has not been so well lately.

Ran a Ten Penny Nail Through His Hand.

While opening a box, J. C. Mount of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., ran a ten penny nail through the fleshy part of his hand. "I thought at once of all the pain and soreness this would cause me," he says, "and immediately applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and occasionally afterwards. To my surprise it removed all pain and soreness and the injured parts were soon healed."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tibbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

UPTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ackley have been visiting friends in Upton the past week.

The farmers around here have their crops nearly all harvested.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe of Troy are visiting their daughter, Mrs. F. O. Godwin.

While working in the woods last Saturday, Tom King of Camp 33, was instantly killed by a tree-top breaking off and striking him on the head. His remains were taken to Berlin.

Mrs. A. W. Judkins has returned from a visit in Boston, and reports a fine time.

Mr. Sewell Lane is in poor health.

Mrs. Winnie West of Errol, N. H., was in town Sunday.

Miss Ethel Abbott of Norway is visiting at A. W. Judkins'.

Miss O. E. Godwin has an orange tree with four oranges on it. Two of them are ripe and one has been on for a year and a half; rather a cold country for them.

Mr. Silas Peaslee has his stable nearly done.

Sunday, Oct. 26, was Rev. Mr. Hague's last Sabbath here. Seven persons were baptized and four received into the church.

Wallace Richards and wife of Andover are visiting in town for a few days.

Mrs. S. E. Douglas and Miss Locke are visiting friends in town.

Mr. Will Ackley has been buying stock about town.

Philbrook & Stearns took from this place, Friday, a herd of about forty very nice looking cattle.

H. T. Chase sold thirteen head of cattle a few days ago.

Mr. Thomas Welch who is boarding at Abbott's hotel, is receiving a visit from his brother, Mr. John Welch.

James Bernier has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Susan Douglass and her sister, Miss Ellen Locke of Bethel, are visiting at S. F. Peaslee's.

Mr. Wallace Richards, wife, and little son of Andover, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. A. W. Judkins with her niece, Miss Ethel S. Abbott, came from Norway Saturday.

Mrs. Winfield West and son Cleveland of Errol, N. H., visited her parents the first of this week.

A man from Camp 33, Blanchard's logging works, was killed Saturday, by a falling tree.

Mr. H. T. Chase who was nearly, or quite prostrated by his losses, and the injury he received from a flying piece of timber, is now so as to be out again.

Seven persons were baptized Sunday at the church, by Rev. Mr. Hague, four of whom joined the Congregational church here; these, together with the six who joined this church a few Sundays ago, when Rev. Mr. Gleason was here, nearly double the membership.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Powers of So. Paris, were guests at L. J. Trask's last Saturday.

H. M. Kendall was in Dixfield on business last week.

Fred Mundt of Bethel, was at H. M. Kendall's last Saturday.

Will Powers has his camps nearly built, and has commenced lumbering operations.

Miss Lenor Long spent Sunday at L. S. Stowe's.

Mrs. S. B. Foster has returned to Caribou.

Ivan Stowe is working for Emery Bros. in Ketchum.

David Fleet is hauling wood to Bethel for T. J. Sargent.

Our school commenced last Monday—Miss Nell Preble teacher.

SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY PRISIAN FUR COMPANY, 116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Strike is Off.



Coal and wood can now be had at reasonable prices, and the only thing that you need now to insure warmth and comfort during the approaching winter is one of our

GARLAND STOVES.

BUY IT, TRY IT

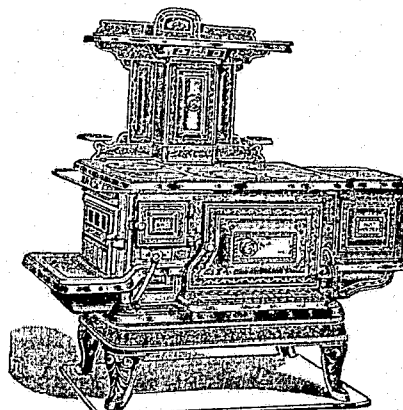
AND YOU WILL

USE NO OTHER.

We are not only the exclusive agents for Garland Stoves and Ranges, but sell the

CLARION

Stoves and Ranges



The rigor of an Oxford County winter is never really known by you if your house is warmed by a

Monitor Wood Furnace.

We have been placing these Furnaces for years, and all give satisfaction. We warrant them to do so.

Are dealers in everything up-to-date in the Crockery and Hardware line, and expect to see you at our store in the near future.

Hastings Bros., Bethel, Maine

RUMFORD FALLS.

Arthur Landry who has been in the employ of Gonyea Bros. for several years, has been secured as salesman by the C. H. McKenzie Company, and entered upon his duties Friday morning.

Superintendent Daggett of the Postal Card Manufactory, is in Washington, D. C., on business in connection with the government contracts.

The wedding of Henry Rowe of this town, and Miss May L. Cathcart of Waltham, Mass., occurred in the latter place, Wednesday. Miss Cathcart is a well-known society young lady, and Mr. Rowe is a popular young man of this town, employed as timekeeper in the International mill. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe will reside in one of the Strathglass Park houses.

Deputy Sheriff Amos Martin of Piscataquis County is visiting his son, the Rev. Mr. Martin, pastor of the M. E. church in this town. Deputy Martin has held his office continuously for 22 years in one of the wildest and most isolated sections of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Morrison returned from a trip to Augusta where Mr. Morrison and LeForest Smith were delegates to the I. O. O. F. Convention. Fred Walker also returned from attending this meeting Wednesday night.

Iris Lowe, a freight brakeman in the employ of the Portland, Rumford Falls R. R. Co., met with a painful accident in the local freight yard a few days ago. He was coupling cars, and sustained a compound, comminuted fracture of the thumb and fore-finger and lacerating the little finger of the left hand. He received surgical attention, and has been staying at the Hotel Ridlon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Whitney have returned from a visit to Mr. Whitney's parents in Oxford.

Miss Lula Perry of Virginia was the happy recipient Wednesday of a new McPhail piano from F. E. Tainter's, Lewiston.

Officer Poor performed double duty in the absence of Officer Demeritt at South Paris. He managed to snatch a few hours' sleep during the day, and was as cheerful and industrious as ever.

A. W. Davenport of Phillips has returned to Rumford Falls and is employed on the circulation department of the Evening Herald.

Mrs. G. Willard Johnson and children returned Wednesday from a visit in Lincoln.

NEWRY.

Walter Foster has men at his home picking over and packing his apples.

Leo Thurston and his sister Edith have been visiting relatives in Errol, N. H., for the past week.

Mrs. Percy Brinck has returned from Boston where she has been visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Leonard Cross from Albany visited her sister, Mrs. Mary O. Foster, one day last week.

EAST BETHEL.

Miss Fannie Holt has returned from a visit to Massachusetts.

Mrs. Sarah Farwell has returned home from Lovell where she has been spending the summer.

Mr. John Fifield is visiting at G. K. Hastings'.

Mr. Geo. P. Bailey visited at J. H. Swan's, last week.

Mrs. Olive Bartlett is staying with Mrs. John Howe a few weeks.

Miss Jennie Swan accompanied by Miss Mattie Tubbs from West Paris, visited her home here last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Z. McAllister from Lovell is visiting at Porter Farwell's and other relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blake from Milan, N. H., visited relatives here last week.

BERLIN, N. H.

M. E. Young has purchased a residence on High street.

Mrs. A. I. Lawrence and little child are visiting in Dedham, Mass.

Mrs. W. H. Gerrish is in Allston, Mass., for medical treatment. James Pickford returned home Saturday, after an absence of several weeks.

Arthur Courneyor, clerk for L. J. Cote was in Concord last week on business.

Miss Gertrude Aldrich has resumed her duties as assistant teacher in the grammar school, after a week's illness.

President Berry of Kent's Hill (Me.) Seminary, passed through here recently with a fine deer secured a few miles above this city. Mr. Berry makes an annual visit to this section, and this was his thirty-sixth deer.

Henry Oliver and niece, Miss Chick Oliver of Salt Lake City, Utah, have been visiting Mr. Oliver's sister, Mrs. Louis Roderick. This is Mr. Oliver's first visit to Berlin for twenty-four years.

G. O. Holt spent last week in Chicago.

Frank York has a position in Portsmouth, and went there last week.

Miss Clara Davis of Lawrence, Mass., is visiting Mrs. Gertie Cobb.

Mrs. W. A. Pingree is visiting in Boston.

A Northern New England Polo League has been organized, to include Lancaster, Berlin, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Rumford Falls, Me. The league will be made up chiefly of Maine players, and the season will begin the first of next month. The Rumford Falls' team will not begin to play until the 15th, as it is not possible to secure the hall until then.

James Lowe has sold his blacksmith shop on the east side of the river to E. L. Osgood of Gorham, and has gone to Portsmouth.

John McHugh of Gorham, is a conductor for the Boston Elevated Railway Company.

Mrs. Thomas Lydon has gone to Billerica, Mass., where she will make her home for the future. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Charles Lee who will remain for a week.

Charles Hopp, George Dunham, and Peter Talbot who have been in the United States Army in the Philippines for the past three years, have returned to this city.

The Junior Columbia League has reorganized with twenty-four members. The following were elected as officers: President, Robert Goebel; treasurer, Harry Wheeler; secretary, W. A. Griffin.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him to be perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Tintax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

John R. Oliver who has spent the past two months visiting relatives and friends here, has returned home to Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Hiram Wilson is visiting friends in West Paris.

Mr. Charles Sumner has returned after spending a few days in Portland.

Some of our neighbors have attended to changing houses. Fred Howard has moved into the house on the farm which he purchased, and Jonathan Smith has moved to the place where Mr. Howard lived. A new building has appeared here. Mr. Kilgore who came from Sumner, built it for a temporary home for himself and family for the winter. He is to work in the woods.

Cut this out and take it to Wiley's, Bethel; Tebbets', Locke Mills; Bennett's Gilead; Dennison's, West Bethel, drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, the best physic. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the appetite and regulate the bowels. Regular size, 25c. per box.

Nothing Tastes Good

And eating is simply perfunctory—done because it must be. This is the common complaint of the dyspeptic.

If eating sparingly would cure dyspepsia, few would suffer from it long.

The only way to cure dyspepsia, which is difficult digestion, is to give vigor and tone to the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cured the niece of Frank Fay, 408 N. St., South Boston, Mass., who writes that she had been a great sufferer from dyspepsia for six years; had been without appetite and had been troubled with sour stomach and headache. She had tried many other medicines in vain. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made her well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Don't wait till you are worse, but buy a bottle today.

Phoebe's Way.

Continued from page two.

self together, and the lids drooped for a second over her burning eyes, while the hands at her sides tightly clenched themselves. "If you refuse, I'll have to go and give Ralph up. There's no other way. He might stay here, though, and I might stay here with him, both of us quite unsuspected, for weeks and weeks. I'll get him indoors, if you say so; I—"

"Get him indoors at once," broke from Phoebe. "I'll do what I can."

Agnes was right. The last place in which any one ever dreamed of searching for either Ralph or his wife was the Lynde homestead. Phoebe had only three servants. Two of them were old women who had known and loved her for twenty years or longer, and one was an elderly man who had been her father's coachman and had taken her riding on her pony when a little girl, and who thought her the gentlest and sweetest young lady on earth. And all these three soon grew her willing allies, vying with one another to keep her secret. As for the doctor who came and set Ralph's arm and afterward visited him until he was quite well, Phoebe found this gentleman not at all hard to win over. Through him it was made possible that a little farm out in the far West could be bought for Ralph and Agnes.

Mysteriously, and in the dead of night, Phoebe's two pensioners at last took their departure. The carriage that was to convey them to a distant station waited at a certain point in a road passing through one side of that same pine forest where Ralph had first been concealed.

And now Phoebe's clandestine guests bade her farewell with most ardent expressions of thanks. All through these past weeks during which she had harbored them, her manner had remained characteristically placid. She had done every merciful thing that it was in her power to do, but she had never clad a single action with the faintest betrayal of feeling.

"I wish you'd talk with Ralph," Agnes had pleaded, when her husband's pain was over and he could sit up and forget it in the exhilaration of returning bodily vigor. "I mean, you know, Phoebe dear, about his trying very hard to live a new life henceforward. He says he will try. Make him realize, won't you, the horror of his old curse, and the wisdom of fighting it in the future?"

"I'll do my best," replied Phoebe, with that colorless kind of repose which had caused so many people to declare her "hard-hearted."

And she did try, speaking with great plainness, though not a hint of sentiment. Afterward Ralph said to his wife: "How strange I ever proposed to that woman, Agnes. Outwardly, at least, she's an icicle. But then her manner's changed, I think, since we knew each other well in the old days."

"Hush, Ralph! Only think of what she's done for us and been to us!"

"Yes—I understand. But her manner—her way—"

"It's Phoebe's way. No one in the world, who was warm and kind as she is, ever had so cold and reserved a style of showing it."

On the night of her guests' departure, Phoebe, with an equal serenity, bade them both good-by. It is true that she kissed Agnes on only one cheek, and very tranquilly. But Agnes kissed her on

both cheeks, and passionately exclaimed as she did so:

"Ah, Phoebe, what a friend you're proving to us! I'd like to devour you with many more thankful kisses! I'd like to throw myself on my knees before you, and—"

"Please don't!" said Phoebe.

Chilled, in spite of all her glowing gratitude, Agnes recoiled a little. Soon they stole forth into the summer air and were guided by Phoebe's man-servant, who bore a lantern, through the intense gloom of the pine wood. When they had almost gained the spot where the carriage waited, Agnes, who was walking just ahead of Phoebe, felt a hand pluck at sleeve of her gown.

"Phoebe?" she murmured.

"Yes, Agnes, it's I." The voice that now spoke sounded strangely vibrant and eager.

"Agnes," it went on, "we may never meet after to-night. The chances are that we will not. You're going hundreds and hundreds of miles away—"

"Through your kindness, Phoebe! Because of your generosity, your noble pardon."

"Never mind that. I feel that I must tell you the truth. What I did, what I am doing, hasn't been on your account."

"No?"

"No. Not that I had the least grudge against you. God knows I hadn't! We're in the dark now, so you can't see my face—I can't see yours. Perhaps for this reason I can speak with more courage. You know how I've always shrunk from showing what people call feeling. It's my 'way' as you used to call it."

"Yes."

"Agnes, when you came to me that night and begged me to save him, I could almost have struck you for sheer hate!"

"Phoebe Lynde?"

"Yes—it's true. But I loved him. I'd loved him long before he asked me to marry him. But I'd cut off my right hand rather than love a man I couldn't respect. That's Phoebe's way, too, if you please to call it so. Helping him to a better life is different. But all I've done, Agnes, I've done for him. Tell him or not—I don't care. I loved him, and I love him still. Good-by!"

Agnes stood thrilled for a moment.

"Phoebe," she called.

But there came no answer. In a few more seconds Agnes understood. She turned and saw the light of the guide's lantern gleaming many yards beyond. Phoebe had gone (and gone, perhaps, forever) out of her life and Ralph's. But yonder that lantern glimmered, like the steadfast star of hope. However, chagrin, pique, jealousy, petulance might rebel, each beckoned Agnes toward a fresh double existence of emancipation, rehabilitation and priceless possible joy.

And whose hand, with whatever curious and covert motive, had lighted it? Whose, indeed, but Phoebe's? And this lighting of it, this placing of a rich and sweet promise beyond it, what were they both, once more, but "Phoebe's way."

Do Good—It Pays.

A Chicago man has observed that, "Good deeds are better than real-estate deeds—some of the latter are worthless. Act kindly and gently, show sympathy and lend a helping hand. You cannot possibly lose by it." Most men appreciate a kind word and encouragement more than substantial help. There are persons in this community who might truthfully say: "My good friend, cheer up. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will rid you of your cold, and there is no danger whatever from pneumonia when you use that medicine. It always cures. I know it for it has helped me out many a time."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

Tax Payers.

I desire to call the attention of the Bethel tax-payers to the fact that the time for the three per cent. discount expires on Nov. 1. I shall be at the Selectmen's office Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31, and Nov. 1, to accommodate all those who desire to take advantage of the discount.

F. J. TYLER.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Sunday-school Teacher—"What lesson are we to learn from the story of Jonah and the whale?"

Pupil—"To stay on dry land."

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggists.

Mr. Snoozle—"It appears that in railroad accidents the first and last cars are always the ones injured."

Mrs. S.—"Why not leave them off the train?"

Dyspepsia—bane of human existence. Burdock Blood Bitters cures it, promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

Waitress—"You say the chicken soup wasn't good? And yet I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

Regular Customer—"No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

It's a mistake to imagine that itching piles can't be cured; a mistake to suffer a day longer than you can help. Doan's Ointment brings instant relief and permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Young Wife (at midnight)—

"Wake up! wake up!"

Husband—"What is it, dear—robbers?"

Young wife—"Mercy, no! You asked me at supper what ailed the cake. It just happened to come to me this minute. I forgot to put any sugar in it."

Too late to cure a cold after consumption has fastened its deadly grip on the lungs. Take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup while yet there is time.

"What creatures of habit men are!" soliloquized Mrs. Jason. "Whenever I get anything new to wear, Mr. Jason declares that it looks just awful, but by the time it is worn out and I want a change, he declares that I look better in it than in anything new I could buy."

"Do you suppose," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "that the Prodigal Son greeted his father loudly and joyfully?"

"I reckon not," said the bright boy. "His voice must 'a' be'n kinder husky."

A Liberal Offer.

The undersigned will give a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to any one wanting a reliable remedy for disorders of the stomach, biliousness or constipation. This is a new remedy and a good one.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

Fond Mother—"Little Dick is a perfect gentleman, bless his little heart. Coming down stairs, he politely stepped aside and allowed Mrs. Heavyweight to proceed him, didn't you, darling?"

"Yes, mamma; I was 'fraid she might stumble."

Mr. Potts—"Here is a pretty state of things. This stupid paper, referring to our bowling club, says that 'the Gambrinus Howling Club' held its regular meeting last night."

Mrs. Potts—"Perhaps the reporter heard some of you going home."

Letter to Eli Stearns.

Bethel, Me.

Dear Sir: Did you know that there is twice as much paint in a gallon of Devco lead and zinc as there is in a gallon of some of the mixed paints?

Ferguson & Thompson's store, Delhi, N. Y., was painted some years ago with a mixed paint—took 32 gallons. Repainted last spring with Devco.

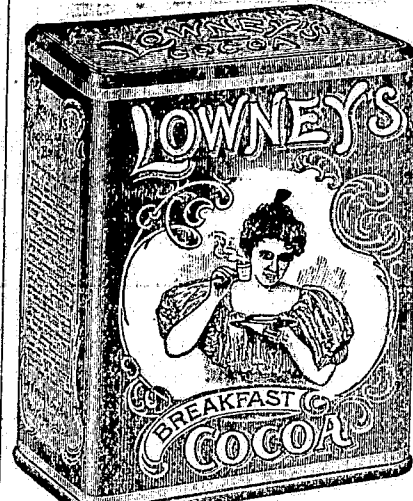
Mr. Lynch, our agent, said 16 gallons would be enough. They had 3 gallons left.

Yours truly,

F. W. DEVCO & Co.

G. R. Wiley sells our paint.

The Most Delicious and the PUREST.



Unlike Any Other

Full Flavor, and contains only the nutritive and digestible properties of the choicest Cocoa Beans. No flour, starch, ground cocoa shells, alkalies, chemicals, or coloring matter are present in Lowney's. Sold by

C. A. LUCAS, - - Bethel, Me

Go to **C. A. LUCAS'** for your

GROCERIES, and rest assured that they will be fresh and nice. Fifty Kinds of KENNEDY'S CRACKERS AND COOKIES, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES, in short, everything in the grocery line.

First-class Home Bakery

in connection, also

Ice Cream in its Season.

C. A. LUCAS, Bethel, Maine.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos Organs, Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. . . . Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. WHEELER & Co.

Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Flour, Grain and Feed Are our Specialties.

WE HAVE A LARGE LINE OF

Groceries, Provisions, Lime

Plaster and Cement.

Woodbury & Purington.

A choice line of

Dry and Fancy Goods,

Choice Groceries, Boots and Shoes.

Agent for Butterick Patterns.

G. P. BEAN,

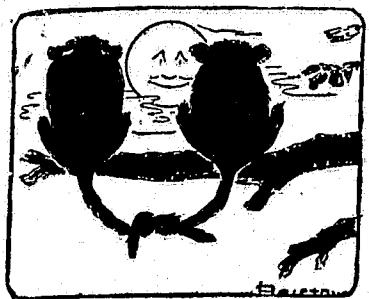
Cor. Church and Main Streets, BETHEL, MAINE.

A NEW DEPARTURE

A Radical Change in Marketing Methods as Applied to Sewing Machines. An original plan under which you can obtain easier terms and better value in the purchase of the world famous "White" Sewing Machine than ever before offered.

Write for our elegant H-T catalogue and detailed particulars. How we can save you money in the purchase of a high-grade sewing machine and the easy terms of payment we can offer, either direct from factory or through our regular authorized agents. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to pass. You know the "White," you know its manufacturers. Therefore, a detailed description of the machine and its construction is unnecessary. If you have an old machine to exchange we can offer most liberal terms. Write to-day. Address in full, WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, (Dep't A.) Cleveland, Ohio.

RIPANS



The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach. It is a powerful laxative, and its timely use removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ailments that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.



This Free Rocker

With \$5.00 order of Spices, Extracts, Tea, Soaps, Coffee and other light groceries. Other premiums.

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY,
Dept. O. 17 Oak Street, Augusta, Me.

EVERYWHERE IN MAINE

FARMS Lake Camps and Seashore Cottages. Buyers get our FREE Illustrated Catalogue. Owners, send us details of your property.

E. A. STROUT, Augusta, Me.
H. H. BEAN, Manager, Bethel, Me.

Buy a Piano By Renting It.

Our Rental Purchase Plan makes buying a piano easy. If you are interested, write us and we will quote special prices on new or second-hand pianos and fully describe our system of Renting Pianos, allowing rent paid to apply toward purchase. Good square pianos to learn on \$50 and upward. Call at our warehouses and examine our stock of over 200 pianos, or send for our list of bargains.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

CALL AT

R. E. L. FARWELL'S.
and see what you can find that is good to eat.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Bethel, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Bethel News, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Bethel, on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1902, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

HORACE GERRY late of Greenwood, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Lydia A. Gerry, the executrix therein named.

PHINEAS F. HASTINGS late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Ann M. Hastings, the executrix therein named.

CLARINDA BRYANT late of Woodstock, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Ellen B. Dudley, the executrix therein named.

CHARLES B. SHERMAN late of Upton, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands, presented by E. C. Park, administrator.

LEWEL WHEELER late of Gilead, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands, presented by Josephine Wheeler, administratrix.

BRIDGET FLAHERTY late of Greenwood, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Mary E. Deegan, administratrix.

JOHN A. LIBBY late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Edwin C. Rowe, administrator.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—attest: **ALBERT D. PARKS**, Register.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

EDWIN DOUGHTY, late of Milton Plantation, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

Oct. 24, 1902. **Lucy F. Doughty**.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

EDWIN DOUGHTY, late of Milton Plantation, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

Oct. 24, 1902. **Lucy F. Doughty**.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

EDWIN DOUGHTY, late of Milton Plantation, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

Oct. 24, 1902. **Lucy F. Doughty**.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of

ANSEL P. PIKE, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

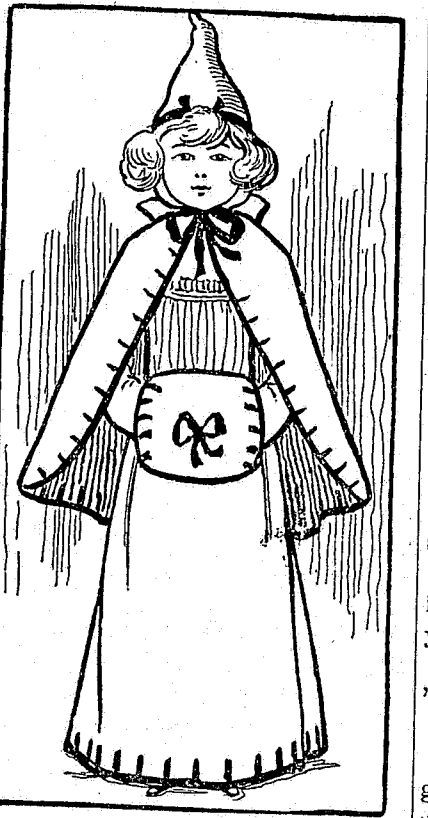
Oct. 24, 1902. **James E. Pike**.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

MAKE YOUR OWN DOLL.

This Little Goody Two Shoes Is of Cotton Batting.

Any little girl who is at all handy with needle and scissors can easily make a doll for herself. This Little Goody Two Shoes, for instance, is made of cotton batting. Cut a strip 6 inches wide and 12 inches long from a sheet of batting; roll it up neatly into a roll six inches long. This is Little Goody's foundation. Wind white cotton around this roll about an inch from the top to make a head. Sew two lit-



LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES.

tle beads on for eyes and put in the mouth, nostrils and eyebrows with stitches of fine worsted. Make a bang and side locks of raveled out yellow worsted. Sew two folded strips to the shoulders for arms, and she is all ready to dress. Run up a cotton batting skirt four inches long and buttonhole the bottom around with blue worsted. Fasten it securely on the body with a drawstring, then cut a yoke an inch deep, work with blue and sew on as a finish. This yoke, of course, fits up around the neck.

Next cut a semicircle of batting six inches across, buttonhole around with blue, gather it at the neck and tie. The peaked brownie hood is three inches higher at the back. This forms the point. Work it with worsted and run strings at the bottom. Fluff out the hair about the face and tie on the little hood. All Goody needs now is her muff. Roll up a piece of batting two inches wide, work with blue and suspend by a strand of worsted from her neck, then tuck in the little arms and take a stitch through them to the muff and fasten off by tying the thread in a bow.—Exchange.

Evil Company.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not let even his grown up sons and daughters associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her and her brother to visit the ill behaved Lucinda—"Dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be in any danger."

The father took a dead coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child. Take it."

Eulalia did so, and her hand was soiled, and, as it chanced, her white dress also was blackened.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."—From the German.

Fire In Anything.

Take powder composed of equal weights of loaf sugar and chlorate of potash separately reduced to fine powder and then mix well together. This is placed in some vessel, such as a cup or, in fact, anything that will prevent the fire from injuring the table. When this powder is touched with the least drop of sulphuric acid, it will instantly burst into a flame. Take a stick of wand previously dipped in the acid and after sundry motions touch the powder, and the same result will be produced.

And the Candles Too.

It was Harriette's seventh birthday, and she had been promised a party; but, as her mother was sick on that day, all the company she had were two little girls of her own size. One of her presents was a birthday cake with seven candles on it. After the children had eaten all the cake Harriette went very quietly to her mother and said:

"Mamma, when is it time to eat the candles?"—Cecilia Colby in Little Chronicle.

"So There!"

"My dear Matilda," hints mamma, "I vexes me, as you're aware, To hear you end each sentence with 'So there!'"

"I didn't know," Matilda cries, "Speaking as crossly as she dare, 'That I said anything like that—' 'So there!'"

"You naughty girl!" mamma exclaims, "For punishment you'll now prepare, Into that corner take your work;—Sew there!"

—Felix Leigh in Exchange.

Training.

It was general training day. If you don't know what that means, ask grandma. John knew; and he wasn't deaf. Not he. Nobody heard the drum and fife that morning any plainer than he did. I don't know that it sounded sweeter to any boy's ears. Yet he wasn't rushing along the streets of Windsor with the rest of the boys, eager to join the procession. Instead, he was out in the back lot, away up in the northwest corner, hoeing potatoes with all his might. A nice little patch of potatoes; none better looking in all the town of Windsor. I doubt if there were any that received such care. Every hill of them belonged to John, and it was about all that he did own in the world, unless I except an old arithmetic with one of the covers gone entirely, and the other hanging by half its back; but every problem in that arithmetic John could do! And there were some hard ones.

He hoed away. The band was playing, and he tried to make his hoe keep time to the music, while he whistled it loud and clear.

Joe Parsons leaned over the rail fence and looked at him.

"You don't say you ain't a-going?" said he.

"Well," said John, "I didn't say it, so far as I know, but I can if you want me to."

"Well, now, if you ain't one of 'em! Why not?"

"Why not what?"

"Why not ain't you going to general training, when every man and boy in this town is on hand?"

"Got other business. Every man and boy can do all the work that there is to do at general training, without me, and my potatoes are spoiling to be hoed, and this is the only day I've got."

"Why can't you hoe 'em to-morrow just as well?"

"Because to-morrow I've got to go and help Governor Wolcott hoe his; there's acres of them, and it will take me all the rest of the season; before I'd have another chance at mine they'd spoil, sure; no, sir, I've looked at the sum on all sides, and worked it up every way I could think of, and the only answer I got was that I must stay at home and hoe. I'm training, though. Don't you hear my hoe keep time to the music?"

"How many potatoes do you expect to get out of that patch?"

Jo said the word "patch" in a very contemptuous way. The fact was, he might as well have told his friend John just what he thought, that that potato patch was a very small affair.

"Dunno," said John cheerily.

"Just as many as I can coax into growing for me."

"And what are you going to do with them when you get them?"

"Sell every blessed one; father has promised me seed enough to plant, next season, so I shan't have to lay by any."

"Well, what do you want to sell them for? What are you after, anyhow?"

John stopped his busy hoe and leaned upon it for about one minute, while he said in a slow and very impressive voice:

"There's a good many things I would like to get, and there are two or three things that I mean to get if I can with these potatoes; but there's one thing I'm after with all the strength there is in my hoe, and that I'm bound to have; and that's one of the new geographies with pictures of the rivers, and towns, and everything."

"Ho!" said Jo; and the way he took his arms off the fence, and stood up to put force into the word, gave you to understand that he had a very small opinion of geographies, and thought that John Fitch was a simpleton.

He went to general training, and had a good time, I presume; but whether he did or not, no one will ever know; for so far as I can learn, nobody ever heard of him again, though I suppose his mother and a few friends knew all about him.

And John kept at his hoeing; and then when that was finished he went home and did the "chores."

Hard work, was it? Of course it was hard; but then wait a bit. To-day there is not a well-informed boy in the country who doesn't know more or less about John Fitch. Among other things they know that a few years later, when he had earned his geography, and studied it, and studied several other things, one day he went



WOMEN'S WOES.

Hard for any woman to do housework—to attend to daily duties with a constantly aching back. Every woman should learn the cause of backache and the cure.

Doan's Kidney Pills

relieve a bad back and cure it—cure every kidney and bladder disorder, from backache to diabetes.

Mrs. C. E. Goodnow, living at 143 Washington street, New Britain, Conn., says: "I gave a testimonial in December, 1896, touching the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills, and in the statement said that I had been bothered with my back and kidneys for over thirteen years, not constantly, but when I caught cold it generally settled in my back, making it lame and sore. Often the pain through the small of my back was so severe as to make me cry out. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and procured some from E. W. Thompson & Co.'s drug store, on Main street. They helped my back immediately, and in a short time relieved me of the trouble. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills at intervals during the last five years, when I felt an attack of backache coming on, and they always brought instant relief. I am never without them in the house."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

gliding up the Delaware River on a steamboat of his own planning, the first one that was ever used in the world! I'm inclined to think that he hoed his patch of potatoes to some purpose.

The truth was, he had a "general training" every day in the year, and trained his mind to think and to plan.—Pansy.

Watching For Papa.

Up here in the window each day just at noon We wait for our papa, who's sure to come soon From the hayfields to dinner and rest From the sun, And the minute we spy him we jump down and run!



I always can see him 'way off in the distance. And show him to Prince, though he don't need assistance. For he whines, and he barks and goes prancing away, While I follow, well beaten, but happy and gay.

Little Mother.

I heard May saying over to herself one day, "Dear little mother, dear little mother!" Her mamma had not been very well that day. May's mother is quite small, a bright, busy, pleasant little lady, loving her home and taking excellent care of it and so cheerful that neighbors and friends like to see her. They often wonder how one so small can do so much.

Ray thinks he is about as big as his mother, and so, in short, he often squares off and says he is too big for her to handle him. But this is all in fun. He and May stand up firmly for ma. And when they have grown older and think of their childhood days always no doubt one of the most pleasant thoughts of all will be the picture in their minds of the dear, pleasant face and active, busy ways of little mother.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sticks of Rain.

Our little Florence on being prepared for church one Sunday morning regarded her bonnet with much satisfaction and said:

"I guess my bonnet is the fashionest bonnet they is."

One day when she saw some icicles hanging on the window she said:

"Oh, mamma, dear, come and see the sticks of rain!"—Leslie's Monthly.

He Learned a Great Truth.

It is said of John Wesley that he once said to Mistress Wesley:

"Why do you tell that 'I did the same thing over and over again'?"

"John Wesley, because once telling is not enough." It is for this same reason that you are told again and again that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds and grip; that it counteracts any tendency of these diseases to result in pneumonia, and that it is pleasant and safe to take.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

STATE OF MAINE.

Collector's Notice and Advertisement of Sale of Lands, of Resident and Non-Resident Owners.

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Bethel Village Corporation, in the town of Bethel, County of Oxford, for the year 1901.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners, in the Bethel Village Corporation, in the town of Bethel, aforesaid, for the year 1901, committed to me for collection for said Corporation on the twentieth day of May, 1901, remain unpaid: and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient and necessary to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice, at public auction at Odeon Hall, in said Bethel, on the first Monday of December, 1902, at nine o'clock a. m.

Name of Owner.	Description of Property.	Amount of Tax due, including Interest and Charges.
Mrs. Minnie Cross, 3415 Oct. 15, 1902.	Homestead farm. H. H. BEAN, Collector of Taxes for Bethel Village Corporation for 1901.	\$5.00

MEN WANTED!

Wanted at once: thirty strong, able-bodied men to work in the woods and in the mills. Good wages and best of living accommodations. Apply at once at

Bemis, Maine, or at our Norway Office.

No Invalids Wanted.

C. B. Cummings & Sons,
NORWAY, MAINE.

Eaton-Hurlbut's High-grade Stationery. Style correct, Prices low.

Full line of School Supplies, The Standard Magazines, Cameras, Kodaks and Photographic Supplies.

Lowney's, Sparrow's and Schrafft's Fine Confectionery direct from the manufacturers.

Cigars and Tobacco. The Popular Brands,
WILEY'S DRUG STORE, BETHEL

VIVIAN W. HILLS,
Jeweler and Graduate Optician,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware,
Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

LOWEST PRICES IN THE COUNTY.
Cameras and Photo Supplies,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
NORWAY, MAINE.

FIRE INSURANCE

Agents for twenty five leading insurance companies. All kinds of insurance placed on favorable terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,
Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME

HONEST GOODS DEALING PRICES

Are the Tenets of our Profession

And the secrets of our large and increasing business in

Flour, Grain, Groceries.

IRA C. JORDAN, BETHEL, MAINE.

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted.
A second hand wood stove of good size. Inquire at NEWS OFFICE.

Wanted.
To hire or buy a second hand organ. Inquire at NEWS OFFICE.

For Sale.
The Curtis house and lot at the corner of Mechanic and Railroad Streets in Bethel Village. This is a fine opportunity for anyone desirous of purchasing a home at a reasonable price. Inquire of HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

For Sale.
Wagon Poles and Rubber Aprons for Carriages at J. O. Billings' Repository.

For Sale.
Full Blood White Wyandotte Cockerels. L. A. Hall, Bethel, Me.

For Sale Cheap.
One Heebner Threshing Machine in good condition. Apply to 15 H. R. GODWIN, Bethel, Me.

For Sale Cheap.
200 Empty Liquor Barrels, clean and suitable for cider. Address Cote & Marchand, Berlin, N. H.

Farm for Sale.
The Atherton place on Sunday river, in Newry. For terms enquire on the premises. C. D. ATHERTON.

WANTED.
Delivered at our factory in Bethel, the coming winter, One Million, (1,000,000) feet long lumber, consisting of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock Fir, Oak, Ash, Maple, Birch, and Beech Logs; also One Thousand, (1,000) cords of White and Silver Birch, cut four feet long. We pay CASH. We are also in the market for timber lots. 4m16 Bethel Manufacturing Co.

Wanted. A few more men and women as Agents for Our Seven New Holiday Books all shown in one Combination Prospectus (cost \$7.00) which we will send FREE and PREPAID for 35c (stamps). 42-We CAN GIVE ANY ONE IN THIS COUNTRY a book that will pay over \$200 before Christmas. Freight paid and credit given. (Established 1864.) Address Hartford Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.

Pepys on Lent.
The scarcity of fish in old times in England made it difficult for the poor to keep Lent. Pepys remarks, "The talk of the towns was whether Lent shall be kept with the strictness of the king's proclamation, which is thought cannot be, because of the poor who cannot buy fish." He also says: "Notwithstanding my resolution, yet, for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent" and again, "Our dinner was only sugar sopps and fish, the only time we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent."

The First Women on the Stage.
It is now ascertained beyond doubt that women first appeared upon the stage between November, 1660, and January, 1661. On Jan. 3 Pepys, that inveterate playgoer, tells us that he saw "The Beggar's Bush," "It being well done, and here the first time that I ever saw women come upon the stage."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Straightforward Answer.
J. B. Lippincott once ventured to ask Ouida, the novelist, how she came to know so much about clubs, camp life, barracks, gambling houses and other places which are only visited by men. She placed her hands upon her knees and, looking straight at her questioner, said, "It is none of your business."

"BURN OIL"

This winter. It's the lowest cost fuel you can use. Our odorless, smokeless, non-explosive OIL HEATER is powerful enough to heat a room 12½ feet square to 70 degrees in any weather. 100 on sale, worth \$7.50.

\$4.95.

All our Parlor, Store, Church, and Office Stoves, burn either hard or soft coal, coke or wood. Price from \$13.75 to \$30.50.

OREN HOOPER'S SONS,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

ALL WOOL CARPETS, 39 cents to 89 cents.
SOLID OAK CHAMBER SUITS, 8 pieces, \$22.00; Worth more—including two Chairs, one Rocker, and French Mirror Plate.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the cure of consumption and the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

For women Scott's Emulsion does this and more. It is a most sustaining food and tonic for the special trials that women have to bear.

To children Scott's Emulsion gives food and strength for growth of flesh and bone and blood. For pale girls, for thin and sickly boys Scott's Emulsion is a great help.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Jim Buchanan, colored, the murderer of the Ricks family, was tried in Nacogdoches, Tex., and a plea of guilty was accepted by the judge and the negro was legally hanged within two hours after sentence had been passed. Ten days ago the dead bodies of Farmer Hicks, his wife and daughter were found in the Hicks home and a week later Jim Buchanan was arrested and confessed to the triple murder.

A meeting was held recently for the purpose of selecting a site for the President McKinley memorial. Of the aggregate sum of \$650,000 which the association desired to raise, it has in hand in cash and pledges about \$550,000. The trustees will not be cramped for funds in carrying out their project. It is likely that the memorial will be located on the most commanding site in the Canton cemetery, not far from the present tomb of the dead President.

The trial of Roland B. Molineux, New York, still continues. At the first trial of the case it took eight weeks to get a jury and examine six witnesses. In the seven and a half days of the present trial thirty-six witnesses have been called and cross-examined and the counsel have reached an agreement as to expert testimony in hand writing that it is expected will materially lessen the technical ordeal to which jurors and audience were subjected when Molineux first faced the charge in November 1899.

A Bad Breath

A bad breath means a bad stomach, a bad digestion, a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache.

25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for Whiskers.

Some Brilliant Sword Strokes.
Elephants are completely disabled by one blow from the Arab's two handed sword, which almost severs the huge hind leg, biting deep into the bone. This feat is varied by slashing off the trunk leaving it dangling only by a piece of skin. A ghorrka has been seen to behead a buffalo with a single blow of his cookrie. And Sir Samuel Baker, a man powerful enough to wield during his African exploration the "baby," an elephant ride weighing 22 pounds, once clove a wild bear with his big hunting knife almost in halves as it was making a final rush, catching it just behind the shoulder where the hide and bristles are at least a span thick. Sir Walter Scott relates how the Earl of Angus, with his huge sweeping brand, challenged an opponent to fight and at a blow chopped asunder his thigh bone, killing him on the spot.

There is a story current in Australia that a Lieutenant Anderson in 1852, during an encounter with bushrangers, cut clean through the gun barrel of his adversary with his sword. And at Kassassin it is related that one of Arabi Pasha's soldiers was severed in two during the midnight charge. But in the opinion of experts this is very improbable, even had the new regulation sabre been then in use.—London Globe.

Celebrated Names.
In the Nineteenth ward of Brooklyn all but one of the streets and three of the avenues are named after patriots who signed their names to the Declaration of Independence. These names are Rush, Morton, Clymer, Taylor, Wilson, Ross, Rodney, Keap, Hooper, Hewes, Penn, Rutledge, Heyward, Lynch, Middleton, Gwinnett, Walton, Gerry, Bartlett, Whipple, Thornton, Wythe, Harrison and Lee. Washington avenue forms part of the western boundary of the ward. In the Twenty-first ward there are streets and avenues that bear the names of Hopkins, Ellery, Floyd, Stockton, Hart and Lewis, all signers of the Declaration. In the southern part of the ward there are streets and avenues which bear the names of Pulaski, De Kalb, Kosciusko and Lafayette, soldiers who came from Germany, Poland and France to give aid to the Americans in their struggle to throw off the British yoke. A street in the western part of the ward bears the name of Spenser, who compiled some of the history of this country.

A Horse's Revenge.
A strange case of a horse taking revenge on a brutal driver is reported from Rennes, France. The horse was dragging a heavy load of bricks from a kiln at Lormandiere to Rennes, and the carter hardly stopped flogging him all the way. On reaching Rennes the driver was unharassing when the horse bolted down the street. He allowed himself to be caught and led back quietly, but the moment he saw his tormentor he rushed at him, caught him in his teeth, dashed the man to the ground and rolled upon him. The man was seriously injured and would probably have been killed but for the help of the people standing round, who had, nevertheless, the greatest difficulty in getting the horse away from his victim.

What a Jealous Wife Found.
A Fayette woman suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing the hired girl and resolved to detect him in the act. Saturday night she saw him pass quietly into the kitchen. The hired girl was out and the kitchen dark. The jealous wife took a few matches in her hand and, hastily placing a shawl over her head, as the hired girl often did, entered the back door, and immediately she was seized and kissed and embraced in an ardent manner. With heart almost bursting the wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to the faithless spouse, and, tearing herself away from his fond embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with the hired man.—Salisbury (Kan.) Press-Spectator.

Best Milk Cow.
The milkman was treating himself to a holiday. Before starting he said to the hired man: "Be sure and feed the best milk cow well. Give her all the roots she can eat." Coming into the yard on his return, he saw piled up against the pump a good supply of carrots, turnips and parsnips. "What's this for?" he inquired angrily. "Sure, and isn't the old pump the best milk cow after all?" answered Pat.—Farm Journal.

Like All Gossip.
Mrs. Abel—How Mrs. Cuttle did run on about the Perkinses! I have no patience with a woman who talks so about other folks.
Mrs. Cain—Neither have I. It's perfectly disgusting! But what Mrs. Cuttle said about the Perkinses was awfully interesting.—Washington Times.

What a Man Thinks.
"When a man of twenty considers a woman, he thinks of her beauty, but at thirty he thinks of her loquacity."
"What does he think at forty?"
"Oh, he thinks only of himself by that time."—Indianapolis News.

Grief.
Grief never sleeps. It watches continually, like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that by sleeping its clutch will become loosened and its prey then escape.

Take no chances on the man who wants to lend you a dollar. He'll probably come back later for ten.—Baltimore News.

Sometimes the man who hesitates is just the fellow who doesn't get lost.—Minneapolis Times.

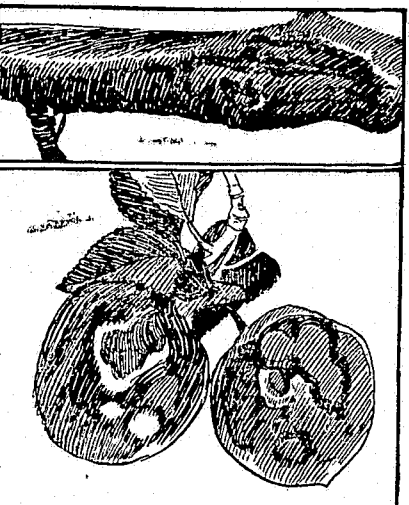
FARM & GARDEN

BITTER ROT OF APPLES.

Its Effects on Tree and Fruit—Winter and Summer Remedies.

Bitter rot is a disastrously destructive disease upon the apple fruit. It has prevailed at times over a very large area of the territory of the United States, but is especially liable to occur south of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude. In Illinois in 1900 the loss in four counties was estimated to be \$1,500,000 and as great proportionally to the acre in orchards elsewhere.

The disease in the fruit can be easily identified. It begins in one to many



CANKERED LIMB, WITH DISEASED APPLES.
brown specks anywhere upon the unbroken skin of the apple, and each point of infection enlarges so as to become a very distinct dark colored circular and somewhat sunken spot, beneath which the tissues are dry (never soft and watery) and tough. Great numbers of pustules so small as to be scarcely visible to the unaided eye arranged in close concentric circles cover all but the outer border of the discolored spot and give to the surface a roughened appearance.

When the air is sufficiently moist, each conically shaped point opens by breaking through the skin of the fruit and discharges a little pinkish mass of mucilaginous or waxy substance well seen under a lens. Each spot may remain distinct, or several on an apple may run together so as to form an irregularly shaped, depressed patch. The whole fruit at length becomes shriveled into an angular, hard body called a "mummy."

The pinkish or reddish material from the spots in the fruit is composed of myriads of spores. These cannot be distributed by the wind because they are held together and to the fruit by an adhesive substance which, however, is very soluble in water. The spores are carried in splashes of rainwater or may be distributed by insects. The fungus lives over winter in the old, dried fruits (mummies) and in wound-like infected spots called bitter rot cankers on the limbs of the tree. The first infection of the season apparently comes from the cankers and can be traced on the young apples spreading below these in cone shaped figures in the trees, where the spores have been carried by rain. The disease goes slowly from tree to tree in an orchard, probably through the agency of insects. In July and later where the disease has not become widely spread search should be systematically made in the orchard for infected trees as determined by the spots on the apples. This can best be done from an elevated position like the platform of a spraying outfit. If diseased apples are found, the infecting canker or mummy should be looked for just above the uppermost of the spotted fruit. The canker and



A BITTER ROT CANKER.
infected fruit should be removed, taking care not to distribute the infection in the process. This is of the utmost importance if the contagion is to be stopped.

In the winter time the mummies and cankers can be removed or the fungus destroyed by spraying the trees with copper sulphate. The disease can be kept in check during the summer by repeated applications of bordeaux mixture.—Illinois University Agricultural Bulletin.

A New Corn Husker.

Many attempts have been made to invent a machine that will husk the corn direct from the standing stalk, none of them particularly successful. Some recently patented machines are mentioned by Orange Judé Farmer as promising, and among them is one invented by a Nebraska man. There has been only one specimen of it in existence, but two others are to be available this fall. By means of two large spiral coils on either side of an elevator projecting beyond the wagon tongue the corn is gathered from the stalk or from the ground if the ear happens to be down and is run into a husker in the front end of the wagon box, which deposits the ears in the wagon and blows the husks through a pipe to the rear, where they are saved in bags if desired. In tests made last fall, it is claimed, corn was readily taken out of a soft snow six inches deep.

BLUE STORES

We have been telling you about our Suits and Overcoats for men and boys. JUST A WORD about the heavy warm overgarments.

ULSTERS

Warm and comfortable, high collars to turn up and protect the face and ears; and cut so long that they almost hide the feet. Comfort in them. \$5.00 to \$10.00. Large stock of

REEFERS

\$4.00 to \$9.00. Klondike Vests, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Lamb Skin Lined Coats, with canvas, Mackintosh cloth, heavy wool cloth and corduroy outside, \$2.50 to \$5.50.

FUR COATS

We sell the Gordon & Ferguson make, which is a sufficient guarantee of their superiority. We carry an immense stock to select from. We will make it pay you to come a long distance to buy these goods of us. BOYS' REEFERS, OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS.

F. H. NOYES COMPANY,
NORWAY {2 STORES} SOUTH PARIS

We Invite Your Attention
TO OUR FINE LINE OF
FURNITURE,
INCLUDING
Chamber Sets, Spring Beds,
Mattresses, Odd Beds,
Couches, Oil Cloths,
Straw Mattings, etc.
COMPLETE LINE OF
Chairs and Rockers.
We have a nice line and earnestly invite all to examine it before purchasing.
BETHEL MANUFACTURING CO.,
BETHEL, MAINE.

MILLINERY!
It is the exclusiveness of our hat ideas that make our work popular with well-dressed women. The certainty that everyone of your friends is not going to appear with a hat like yours, means something. We never trim two alike.
Ribbons, Velvets, Plumes, Laces,
Veils, Neckwear, Gloves, Corsets,
Hosiery, Underwear, Sofa Pillow
Covers, and Embroidery Silks
ARE AMONG OUR FANCY GOODS.
E. E. BURNHAM,
Cole Block, Bethel, Me.

Are You Thinking?
Thinking what kind of an Overcoat or Reefer to buy for your boy? You are thinking too that this is the store to supply your needs. Boys' Overcoats in blue, brown or Oxford grey, cut like papa's, from \$3.50 to \$5.00. Many desirable patterns in Ulsters, wide collars and long cut. Cape Overcoats for the little fellows. In Reefers for boys, we have a splendid assortment. Some made with ulster collar, some made with velvet. All prices from \$1.50 upwards.
H. B. FOSTER,
NORWAY, MAINE.